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CHRONICLE.

Foreign
Affairs.

THE meeting of the German and Austrian EMPERORS at Rohnstock ended with a banquet, at which the King of SAXONY was also present.—It is still very uncertain how far Senhor FERRAO will be able to form a working Government in Portugal, and what the effect on the Anglo-Portuguese Convention will be. In any case Portuguese negotiators will doubtless be informed that Great Britain has said her last word in the direction of admitting claims that have the most shadowy validity; and it might be well to add the intimation that, if Portugal is desirous to receive (we can hardly say to retain) the strip between the Shire and the Kabompo which was granted her as a connexion between Mozambique and Angola, she had better make haste about accepting it.—France is still given up to duels and tittle-tattle.—It appears that MOUSSA BEY has been caught and duly packed off to Medina; but the difficulties of the Porte, with its Armenian Commission on the one hand, and the Armenian Patriarch, or ex-Patriarch (for Mgr. ASCHIKIAN has resigned), on the other, continue.—There have been unimportant disturbances in India, but not in parts directly governed by England. Troops have had to be sent to support the Nawab of CAMBAY, and Goa, that remarkable example of Portuguese faculty for colonization, has had what is pleasingly described as “an electoral riot under the influence of drink.” The contagion of revolt even spread to the far-off little State of Manipoor, which Manipur the wise newfangled call, and which some will have to be the cradle of polo. The Portuguese naturally have not asked for English help, as the other persons in trouble have.—There has been a massacre of Germans in Vitu, and as that territory is now under our control, England is expected to investigate it. It is said that the Germans have hanged a slavedealer at Bagamoyo, in order to show that they did not issue a proclamation authorizing slavedealing. The proof is strong; but we have spent some time in vainly endeavouring to reduce it to any known logical form.

Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. DILLON have, of course, taken every opportunity to bluster about their arrest; and the same subject has occupied a few members of Parliament on both sides, though (in the earliest part of the week) no one of much importance. By a sufficiently transparent manoeuvre, Mr. O'BRIEN is endeavouring to work such excitement as exists about his own arrest (which may even more than last week be described as the most popular act of the last few years; for everybody declares himself delighted with it) by fishing up the old story of the dynamiting convict DALY, and averring himself to be in possession of terrible particulars thereabout. Mr. O'BRIEN has only got to produce them; they will receive what he, to do him justice, may be regarded as constitutionally unable to give—a judicial examination.—Among persons who are not of much importance, though they are not members of Parliament, but who have talked on the subject, Mr. CAINE fairly deserves a place. Mr. CAINE has informed the electors of East Bradford that the Liberals will have a sweeping majority at the next election. There can be no doubt about it; the boss has spoken—the boss of those who are neither teetotallers according to Sir WILFRED nor teetotallers according to Mr. RUSSELL, but pure CAINE produce only.—Mr. PATRICK O'BRIEN, M.P. (O'BRIEN the Less), was arrested at Taff Vale Station on Tuesday, and went through the usual forms of protesting, refusing, and then accepting accommodation more comfortable than ordinary, being unwell, and all the other things for the use of Irish martyrs made and provided.—Mr. HEALY, who is usually an in-

genious mixture of caution and boldness, seems to have thought it necessary not, as the racing men say, to be “outclassed,” and is advising the holding of the harvest.—Some speaking of a little more importance came off on Wednesday. Lord SPENCER (whose forlorn colleague, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, is stumping the Crofter districts of North-Western Scotland, and endeavouring to make something less practical out of their woes than the very practical Report of the Commission) addressed a meeting at Wakefield with the usual dismal result. “The Irish arrests” showed that the Irish policy of the Government was a “failure.” And when Lord SPENCER made arrests—? Mr. JACKSON, meanwhile, was not far off—at Leeds—giving, in a manner curiously contrasting with Lord SPENCER's halting apologies for his own tergiversation, an account of his recent tour in Ireland. It is satisfactory to learn from so good an authority that, though the potato disease is very bad in parts, it is by no means universal or even very widely spread. Whether Mr. JACKSON, a sensible and practical Englishman, is not too sanguine in hoping for the removal of the causes of Irish discontent is another question. “What is bred in the bone,” as our fathers used to say; but our fathers are unfashionable people now, and perhaps deservedly so; for it is certain that they would not have admired Mr. GLADSTONE. On Thursday Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY and Mr. FOWLER spoke.

Heroism at
Tipperary.

The proceedings at Tipperary on Thursday far exceed all power of ours to do them justice in a few lines here, or even in larger space elsewhere. They should be read, in the *Daily News* if possible, to enjoy them fully. In the nasty cold language of the historian, what happened was that the mob tried to storm the court-house, that they were very properly kept back by the police, and that afterwards the usual mountebankery on the part of the defendants and their counsel was indulged in. But how young Mr. HARRISON, of Balliol, “endeavoured to protect the people,” and had his “vest” (Oxford men used to call these garments waistcoats; their scouts and their tailors called them vests) drenched with generous blood; how Mr. ILLINGWORTH addressed the police with all the ponderosity of a Roman senator, and Mr. HEALY with the light and graceful archness of Miss MIGGS; how Mr. JOHN MORLEY (who, of course, ought to have had more wit than to be there) had at least the grace to exhibit extreme discomfort at his position—these and other things must be read, and read in the language of sympathizers. Could not the I. L. P. U. arrange with the proprietors of the *Daily News* for distribution in leaflets?

Some interest has been taken in the Anti-Slavery Congresses.

Slavery Congress at Paris, where that estimable representative of the Church militant, Cardinal LAVIGERIE, has been the chief speaker. The Cardinal's apparent design would seem to be a kind of Order of Anti-Slavery Knights, who are to go about meeting the TIPPOO TINS with their own weapons. This is very chivalrous, spirited, and attractive; and would be excellent fun for the knights. Whether the natives would not have cause to curse these rescuers at least as heartily as their enslavers is another matter. It may also be hinted to ardent Abolitionists that the interests of France are not quite identical with those of England in this matter, and that Cardinal LAVIGERIE, like other French missionaries (and no shame to them), is a very patriotic person indeed.—A very interesting meeting has been held at Edinburgh by the Scotch Home Rule Association, which “ventilated” the old grievance of “English” and “British,” and listened to a large number of lively speeches from Emeritus Professor BLACKIE, who rather ruffled his audience by observing that he “suspected Irishmen.”—The Institute of Journalists, which has also been meeting

(at Birmingham), has not, it is to be feared, provided its members with anything equally agreeable.

An incident. A very curious report comes from Egypt, to International the effect that Sir COLIN MONCRIEFF has been invited by the CZAR to visit Merv, in order to give his advice on restoring the ancient fertility of the country by irrigation, HIS MAJESTY having heard the most flattering reports of the results of English work of that kind in Egypt. Considering the history of Merv, this lending of Sir COLIN is a pleasant instance of international comity; but it will be a bitter pill for Frenchmen.

The Queen of ROUMANIA has returned from her Carmen Sylva. visit to Ireland (where she charmed Mr. HEALY by not visiting the Castle), and is reported as proceeding to visit HER MAJESTY at Balmoral. We observe that some good people are (or more probably pretend to be) wroth at our describing this amiable and clever lady as "much advertised." If they are to be complimented with honesty they must, we fear, be disabled of knowledge. Have they read a certain preface of "PIERRE LOTI's" which reads like a result of the combined efforts of one of the adorers of our own Queen ELIZABETH, of the laureate of the late Mr. MOSES, and of an "interviewer" of the very newest fashion? Do they know the mysterious way in which editors of newspapers receive obliging offers of articles on CARMEN SYLVA from persons who never dream of proposing themselves as eulogists of any of the scores of greater living Continental writers? We are not making the slightest imputation of Crummlesism against an exalted personage whose talents we respect, and who has won golden opinions from really trustworthy mouths by the gracious and worthy discharge of a difficult office. But that CARMEN SYLVA, like every one else in her station who has literary or artistic pretensions, has been the prey of the pestilent tribe of flatterers and puffers, is a simple fact which only interest or ignorance can deny.

Sport. The last match of the Australian team ended in a draw at Manchester on Saturday, and on the same day at the same place the valuable Lancashire Plate of £11,000. was run for over the unsatisfactory distance of seven furlongs, and won by General BYRNE's handsome four-year-old Amphion. The Duke of PORTLAND's luck at these great stakes failed him for once, though he had Memoir and St. Serf as his representatives. There was good racing on the first day of the Newmarket First October Meeting, so called because it falls well within September. Lord HARTINGTON's Morion, as was expected, won the Great Foal Stakes after a hard race with Blue Green, Alloway, who could not give these two good colts five pounds over a mile and a quarter, being last. Of other well-known horses, Tommy Tittlemouse won the All-Aged Trial Stakes; Orion the Buckenham Stakes (reduced to a match with the Duke of PORTLAND's Koorali), and Gold the Triennial Produce Stakes. Next day Mr. ROSE's Bel Demonio and Mr. MANN's L'Abbé Morin ran a dead heat for the Great Eastern Handicap and divided it, L'Abbesse de Jouarre, to whom they were each giving nearly three stone, being third. There was only one race of much interest on Thursday, but that was really interesting—the handicap with a thousand pounds added by Mr. ROSE. In this—not a wretched scurry, but a mile and three-quarters race—Queen's Birthday, the St. Leger outsider, won very well by two lengths.

Correspondence, in a week remarkably barren Letters. as to its earlier part of news, has been pretty active. Mr. GLADSTONE, in reply to some one who upbraided him with blaspheming the great god Workman in the matter of scamping, has asked if he be a dog that he should have done this thing, and has observed that he sometimes scamps himself—as, for instance, no doubt, when he waited till he was seventy-five, and had been three times Prime Minister, before reading the history of Ireland. Lord BRAMWELL has reproachfully asked the *Times* why it calls the fares of the Southern railway lines exorbitant, and the *Times* has mercifully abstained from replying "Because they are."—Mr. WATTS, R.A., has espoused the "personally conducted" theory of picture exhibitions—as to which we doubt. It is true that the natural man will rarely perceive all the technical excellences of a painting at first sight. It is also true that most of its good effect on him will be lost if, instead of being allowed to fall in love with it and study it for himself, he is "taken round" and duly instructed to admire this and not to admire that.—The Duke of ARGYLL has written a remarkably sensible

letter to a correspondent who was troubled about the Irish arrests, pointing out that nobody who is not a member of the Government can possibly know the immediate reason which induced Mr. BALFOUR to take the step, but that everybody can see the impropriety of allowing members of Parliament and leaders to do illegal acts. He has also answered the letters of an impossible person who is called the Rev. JACOB PRIMMER, and who, we fear, has not in unjust England as wide a fame as he deserves.

It is satisfactory to hear that the Mashona-Mashonaland. land Expedition has reached its goal, Mount Hampden, without, so far, any of the terrible things predicted by home critics. It is true that little birds did whisper that these critics either had rival concessions or had been refused permission to accompany the force, or something of that sort. But little birds are among the scandalous of God's creatures.

Miscellaneous. The week opened badly in respect of accidents, the loss of a large Turkish man-of-war in Japanese waters, with all but a few of her crew, being followed by a bad railway accident in America, on the Philadelphia and Reading line.—There has been such a dearth of matter this week that the Mummy Pea (to which the sea-serpent and the gigantic gooseberry are novelties) has been dug up again, and that despairing journalists, catching at the mention of the name OSMAN among the victims of the loss of the *Ertogrul*, promptly fired off leaders and memoirs of the "hero of Plevna," without asking themselves what that hero could have to do in a galley in the sea of Japan, unless they thought he was going to try a *coup-de-main* on Vladivostock.—Some attention has also been paid to a club which calls itself the Ormonde, and hires, or invites, or permits, pugilists to spar on its premises. There is cant enough talked about prizefighting, but it is strange that even canters should not see that fussy legislation and police interference encourage this kind of hole-and-corner business. This important matter was the subject of more than one hearing and the most anxious thought. Mr. PARTRIDGE, "that excellent beak," put on the gloves literally. A belted Earl, Lord LONSDALE, gave his opinion that the other gloves, those recommended by the police, were "feather beds," and had probably formed part of the sea-going stock of the Ark (for diversion on wet days, no doubt, and with the betting on SHEM as ancestor of MENDOZA). At last the distinguished combatants were bound over in a thousand pounds apiece, as if they had been political offenders of the gravest kind. After which men talk of the childhood of the world as being past.—On the same day the members of the nuisance calling itself the Salvation Army received at another police court the deserved, but inadequate, penalty of a fine of forty shillings or twenty-one days for assaulting and resisting the police.

Obituary. Mr. MILNE HOME, whose death at a great age was reported on Tuesday, was a Scottish country gentleman of an excellent type, father of Captain MILNE HOME, who some time sat for Berwickshire, and a member of the Faculty of Advocates, his call dating from the time when Sir WALTER SCOTT was still alive.—Mr. MARUM, a Parnellite M.P., who died a little earlier, belonged to a very different class of man, but was not the worst of an ill kind, being neither a boor, nor a bar-tender, nor an Oxford undergraduate given to amymandering, nor a landlord who took advantage of the ASHBURNE Acts and then abused the Government.

Books, &c. Two huge and splendid volumes have been published by the Cambridge University Press, containing the scientific papers of the late Professor CLERK MAXWELL, of whom it is perhaps not too much to say that no single living man is competent to criticize what he was singly competent to produce.—The first presentation to the public of Mr. HERMAN MERIVALE's *Ravenswood* was made with great éclat at the Lyceum this day week—the new "Terry-fying" (as Sir WALTER's own word had it, with an anticipatory onesidedness which Mr. IRVING is too magnanimous not to pardon) being very well received.—There has appeared a new magazine, the *Paternoster Review*, which may be welcomed. The *Paternoster Review* of promise, if we remember its prospectus, austere denounced the practice of admitting articles for names' sake, and held out hopes of unworked veins of juvenile talent. The *Paternoster Review* of performance provides, among other writers, Lord RIFON as an example of the contributor who is not admitted in virtue of his

name, and Mr. KEGAN PAUL and Mr. AUBREY DE VERE to represent the young blushing virgin of letters. But this is the way of the world, and need not interfere with our greeting.

IRELAND.

THE scenes of which Mr. MORLEY has just been a witness at Tipperary—scenes which have taken place because he was there to witness them—may possibly have reminded him of a passage in his historical reading. As Mr. MORLEY heard Mr. O'CONNOR cheer at the street corner and saw the consequences, he may have remembered the innocent remark made by Sir EVAN CAMERON of Lochiel, when he was suddenly struck at the placid behaviour of his followers in a law court. He thought it strange that so much time should pass without a brawl—and, then, by a curious coincidence, a brawl did break out. The circumstances did not, it may be, leave Mr. MORLEY much time for these or other reminiscences. To be suddenly seized upon in the street, and converted into a species of figurehead which it is hoped may provoke the police to measures of a sufficiently severe kind to be useful for newspaper purposes, and other methods of agitation, must be trying except to the Irishman, who knows exactly how to make these things as little dangerous as possible. To Mr. MORLEY, even after his experience of Irish politics, it cannot have appeared absolutely certain that, if the bâtons began to walk, one of them might not descend even on his head. Such fears would not have been wholly without foundation. The only persons who came to grief in the "terrible scenes," to which the unbridled tyranny of the Castle has led at Tipperary, were Mr. ILLINGWORTH, whose spectacles were broken, and Mr. HARRISON, who was struck down "while defending the people." We can imagine that this last incident has been the subject of much and humorous comment in Irish circles. The picture of Mr. HARRISON, of Balliol, defending a Tipperary mob is in itself humorous. That he should have had his head broken in the process is grievous. It is grievous enough to our side, but it must be even more grievous to his Irish friends. They can gratify their natural, and in this case pardonable, grief at the sight of a young man from England in trouble at Irish hands, and can at the same time make use of him, which is a double sorrow.

The use made of him and of Mr. MORLEY was, it may be acknowledged, thoroughly intelligent, and has been rewarded with reasonable success. Mr. DILLON would have felt better pleased if he had been able to say, "They have murdered 'HARRISON' as a statement of fact, and not as a flower of rhetoric. Still, though they cannot have Mr. HARRISON's death, they have his broken head, which will serve the turn. The occasion was one which the Irish leaders, who have both to revive native zeal and to play to a particular English gallery, could not be expected to miss. A trial was coming on, there were police at hand and the materials of a mob, there were English spectators. If, under these circumstances, a row, or a succession of rows, could not have been got up, the blood of Ireland would have been cold indeed. In common English, what happened was that the Nationalist leaders first endeavoured to create an obstruction at a street corner, and were moved on by the police. The excuse for the obstruction was Mr. MORLEY, who would, as we gather, have greatly preferred to walk quietly to the Court House, but was seized and held up in front of the Constabulary amid defiant shouts of "you hit him." It was at this awful moment that Mr. ILLINGWORTH's spectacles were broken. When the police had been defied in this noble fashion for a sufficient time, Mr. MORLEY was used for another purpose—as a battering-ram to open the Court House door to the mob. The room was small, and the mob considerable. To put the mob into the room was impossible, therefore it was obviously the interest of the patriots to insist that the room should be thrown open to the mob. Mr. MORLEY was pushed ahead, and when he had passed, then the Constabulary were ordered in chorus to let the whole crowd go in, on the ground that, an Englishman having passed, all Irishmen should be allowed to follow. As the Constabulary insisted on leaving some room for the Bar and the witnesses, there was, of course, a difference of opinion, and the approaches to the court had to be cleared. It was during this last stage that Mr. HARRISON fell while defending the people, and that Mr. O'BRIEN was seen "bespattered with blood"; but whether it was Mr.

HARRISON's we are not told. And there arose cries of "Englishmen, will you see this!" and Mr. MORLEY came forth and politely conversed with Colonel CADDELL, and the tempest was stilled. The *mise-en-scène* of all this last part was excellent and the dramatic motive good—given, of course, the gallery to which it was played. As Mr. O'BRIEN remarked in the course of his libel action, the Irish people like big phrases and see nothing ridiculous in vapouring. Therefore do Mr. O'BRIEN and his friends bawl and vapour. Then the English gallery has to be shown a picture of tyranny in Ireland, and brought by object-lessons to understand that it will never cease till "English generosity" finds a remedy. Therefore is the row got up at the court gates, Messrs. ILLINGWORTH and HARRISON are pushed forward, to the peril of their spectacles and heads, Mr. DILLON screams "Murder!" Mr. O'BRIEN rushes on bespattered with blood. All is storm, fury, slaughter, and gore, till at the point marked "enter Gladstonian statesmen L." the tumult is hushed. The moral is obvious, is it not? Only, unfortunately, so are the strings.

Minor matters of interest had not been lacking in Irish affairs. Those persons to whom the joy of living is sensibly increased by the study of politics are not likely to have missed the curious coincidence of Mr. O'BRIEN's own arrest with Mr. O'BRIEN's discovery of terrible injustice committed upon the dynamiter DALY, a person who has already been largely made use of by the Irish party. It is probably unnecessary to say that this new "great treason of the British Government" contains absolutely nothing new, or that the main part of it was not even mentioned, though perfectly well known, at the time of that inquiry into the condition of DALY and other dynamiters at Chatham which the long-suffering good-nature of English rule permitted to be held not long ago. As far as there is any foundation at all for it, it is founded on some not very wise remarks of the Birmingham Chief Constable to a still less wise auditor, a Birmingham Alderman of the name of MANTON. DALY has said nothing about it, though he had ample opportunity of doing so to such not unsympathetic ears as those of Mr. GEORGE SHIPTON. Further, the statements of the Chief Constable and the Alderman as to what was actually said by the former differ irreconcilably. Furthest, if even Alderman MANTON's statement were received (which it would not be, in the circumstances, by any judge of evidence), it does not follow that DALY is not guilty. For that statement in its extremest form amounts merely to the assertion that DALY was subjected to the advances of an *agent provocateur*. The employment of such agents has never been popular in England, and can never be justified by anything but the public safety. That the public safety may require it no sensible man can have the slightest doubt; and we cannot see that there is any need for sympathy with its victims. The honest man will not, as a rule, be found in other people's closets; and the innocent man will certainly not listen to a proposition to blow London up with dynamite. When it is added that the Chief Constable, who avows his dislike for the methods of the Irish police, positively denies that he said what the Alderman attributes to him, the real importance of the matter will be sufficiently apparent. Its real importance, however, to the Irish agitator (especially when his life is being made less comfortable to him than it has been for some months past) is quite different from its real importance absolutely. To him it is merely a new cry—a thing to get Mr. GLADSTONE to "ingeminate," to furnish the more ignorant or unscrupulous Gladstonians with matter for denunciation, to season the old ordinary of protests against arrest, and brawlings in court, and struggles with warders, and medical orders for comforts, and all the rest of it. Like the constantly renewed discussions on the same points of the landlord and tenant side of the matter, the discussions, as constantly renewed, about the commission and punishment of Irish crime are wholly "novels with a purpose." The truth as to the CLANRICARDE estate, the PONSONBY negotiations and evictions, the crusade against Mr. SMITH-BARRY on the one hand, the woes of Irish members and the guilt of Irish dynamiters and murderers on the other, are things on which there is absolutely no more to be said or learnt by any person whose aim is truth. Pretty brief statements on each could be drawn up which would be endorsed after inquiry by a majority of a Commission selected from the most distinguished lawyers of non-English and non-Irish Europe. But it is the game of the agitators—from Mr. O'BRIEN down to Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE—

to be perpetually re-discussing and dressing these things up. And this imposes on others the thankless and yet necessary task of demolishing the newest representations as they have demolished the old. The process is sufficiently wearisome, but it is upon the weariness as well as upon the gullibility of the English electorate that the evildoers count. And perhaps it may be suggested to Unionist speakers that they should dwell more than they do on the certain truth that Ireland will not cease to "stop the way" if Home Rule be granted; that it will be the same bore as now, and much more also.

SIR GALAHAD RUSSELL.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL has discovered the secret of the strength of the Gladstonian party. It lies in its purity. It has got rid of the naughty elements which formerly mingled with it. Mr. GLADSTONE has administered to it a sort of political MORRISON'S pill, which has cleansed its blood, as it was the advertised function of that once popular remedy to do. He has thrown away the worse part of it, and lives the purer with the other half. The tares have been plucked up, and no longer grow side by side with the wheat. In other words, he has got rid of disreputable and profligate politicians such as the Marquess of HARTINGTON, the Duke of ARGYLL, Lord SELBORNE, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and has drawn closer to himself the saintly simplicity of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, the austere integrity of Mr. LABOUCHERE, and the stainless chivalry of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL—the Sir GALAHAD of his party, whose strength is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure. In other words, the triumph of Gladstonism is the triumph of character. The Church is in the world, as Cardinal NEWMAN used to say, in explanation of some of the phenomena of ecclesiastical character and history, and the world is in the Church. Gladstonism was in the world, and is so still, and until the year 1886 the world was in Gladstonism. But while in the world it has purged itself from the evil thereof. The sophistical intellect and tortuous conscience of Lord HARTINGTON, the turbulent and greedy demagogism of Lord SELBORNE, the molluscous intelligence and parasitical temper of the Duke of ARGYLL, and the timid flexibility of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN no longer enfeeble the purpose and paralyse the action of the Liberal party. Mr. GLADSTONE, disembarassed of secret enemies or half-hearted friends, is now surrounded by men drawn to him by similarity and identity of aim. We have no objection to judging the closing part of his career by his associates in it. Whether Mr. GLADSTONE himself would relish the strict application of this criterion no one can say but himself, and he is not likely to take the world into his confidence. It is possible that, as DON QUIXOTE held that the galley-slaves whom he rescued were honest gentlemen in misfortune, and that the mirthful ladies to whom he did homage were of vestal purity, so Mr. GLADSTONE may believe in the good faith of Irish rent-stealers, and the unblemished chastity of political street-walkers. On the other hand, it is quite possible that he would plead the necessity of working with such instruments as are left to him; and would deprecate as an over-scrupulous prudery a FALSTAFF-like reluctance to show himself with the regiment of tag-rag and bob-tail which he has recruited.

The truth is that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, in urging that the Liberal party, or the rump and baser part of it as it would have been called in earlier days, has been purified by the extrusion of Lord HARTINGTON, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Lord SELBORNE, and the Duke of ARGYLL, overdoes the thing. He mixes himself up, so to speak, as it is becoming more and more his habit to do. A politician before the Special Commission, he is an advocate on the platform. He appears during his late speeches in the North of England and Scotland to have thought that he was addressing juries and unusually stupid juries. In raising the question of comparative character he showed less than his usual tact. Mr. GLADSTONE, it is certain, was very reluctant to purify his party in the manner which gives Sir CHARLES RUSSELL so much pleasure. It is notorious that persuasion and pressure of every sort were employed to induce the men whom Sir CHARLES RUSSELL stigmatizes as sham-Liberals to join Mr. GLADSTONE'S Ministry in 1886. To the fact that they declined to do so England owes whatever advantages it has gained from Sir CHARLES RUSSELL'S brief tenure of the Attorney-

Generalship. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL declares that the rupture of the Unionist Liberals from the Gladstonian party, though it had its occasion and pretext in Mr. GLADSTONE'S Home Rule policy, had its real cause in alienation from those principles of genuine Liberalism of which, we suppose, Mr. CONYBEARE and Mr. CUNINGHAME GRAHAM are the skirmishers and scouts. Did Sir CHARLES RUSSELL ever hear of the authorized and the unauthorized programmes; or does he think that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was the author of the first and Mr. GLADSTONE was the author of the second? Mr. GLADSTONE'S authorized programme was the manifesto of that false Liberalism, as Sir CHARLES RUSSELL affects to think it, which he rejoices to see purged away; and if Mr. GLADSTONE could have secured Lord HARTINGTON, Lord SELBORNE, Sir HENRY JAMES, and the rest, it is probable that moderate Liberalism would now be the Gladstonian orthodoxy, and that the advanced Liberals would be in secession and something like mutiny.

Lord SELBORNE, replying to Sir CHARLES RUSSELL'S Leith speech, denies that his refusal to take office under Mr. GLADSTONE in 1886 had any other reason than his disapproval of the Home Rule project and the PARNELL alliance. It is for Sir CHARLES RUSSELL to explain how he came to make a statement which he could not know to be true, and which in the face of the authorized programme it is difficult to conjecture what reason he can have had for thinking to be so. The developments of Gladstonism since 1886, under the pressure of Parliamentary and electioneering exigencies, into a predatory and lawless anarchy, have, of course, no bearing upon this earlier stage of the business. In the face of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL'S statement that Lord SELBORNE and his friends opposed Home Rule because they were not genuine Liberals, may we ask how and when Sir CHARLES RUSSELL himself became a Home Ruler? He sat for Dundalk through the Parliament of 1880 as an opponent of Home Rule. It is probable that, if his seat had been a safe one, he would have been Solicitor-General during that period of coercion. In 1885 he betook himself to Hackney—we presume because, as anti-Home Ruler, he had no chance with an Irish constituency. It is not as an Irishman well versed in the history of his country, as an Irish patriot and Catholic, that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL is a Home Ruler. These influences were powerless on him. It was as the Gladstonian candidate for an English constituency, and for the properly and fairly earned honours of his profession, that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL found salvation. We do not in the least question his political honesty, as political honesty goes. That is usually a confused and miscellaneous kind of thing, in which personal ambition, party loyalty (falsely so called), and the supposed need of acquiescing in a tendency too strong to be resisted, beget a sort of semblance of conviction, to which loud and frequent profession gives reality. But we submit that, instead of speculating why Lord SELBORNE remained a Unionist, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL would make a more valuable contribution to political psychology by disclosing how and why he himself at the eleventh hour, and indeed close on the stroke of twelve, became a Home Ruler. He cannot plead the excuse of English ignorance, or of Protestant or Orange bias for his long blindness.

THE LAW'S WARD.

IT is never quite safe to condemn the decision of a magistrate or judge on the strength of a newspaper report. Much, as a rule, is said in a court which does not find its way into the papers, but does very properly influence those who heard it. We shall not, therefore, join without reserve with those who are protesting against the sentence of twenty years' penal servitude passed by Mr. Justice CHARLES on the man HARGAN. As reported, the case does, however, seem a hard one. HARGAN was appealed to for protection by the wife of a publican who was threatened on her own premises by a gang of roughs. He provided himself with a revolver, and certainly threatened to use it. When the roughs were ejected, he left the house by a back door, and was followed by three of the gang of roughs, who threatened him. He then used his weapon, and shot two of the assailants. For this he was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, which, as he is a middle-aged man, is practically a life sentence. On the face of it, this seems an unduly severe punishment. No doubt HARGAN deliberately provided himself with a revolver, and threatened to use

it, but only, it seems, if he was attacked. He was attacked, and by three men. He had, as far as we can see, reasonable ground for believing that he would be savagely beaten. If, under these circumstances, he used his revolver, it does not seem fair that he should receive about twice the punishment which would have been inflicted on him if he had beaten a woman about the head with the butt of that weapon with intent.

In any case, inquiry will do no harm, particularly if it leads to a review of the whole attitude assumed by the law, and the police, towards the gangs of roughs which have again begun to infest some parts of London. Combinations of this kind, for the purpose of inspiring terror, are not quite so new as some of the papers seem to think them. Parts of London have had a very bad reputation in this respect before. Still there has of late been a distinct recrudescence of this form of violence, and, in spite of the warnings of experience, it is treated with rather scandalous levity. One day we hear of the ringleader of a gang who has been brought before a magistrate and bound over to keep the peace for six months. Yet this man had undoubtedly directed a combination of roughs which endeavoured to blackmail a public-house. If this was not conspiracy, the law of conspiracy must be a much milder weapon than the respectful layman commonly supposes. Then, again, we hear of openly organized gangs of young roughs from Lisson Grove, who go out a policeman-hunting. It was in the course of such an enterprise as this that the Regent's Park murder was perpetrated not very long ago. Yet the savagery seems to be going on as briskly as ever, if not more briskly. We seem to remember that on this occasion the roughs ran when they were warned of the approach of a "copper." Now they hunt the "copper." They are bolder, not less bold, than they were. Nor are we altogether surprised at it, for in practice the law encourages these ruffians. It is an excellent rule, no doubt, that no man must use weapons; only, unfortunately, it works not a little unequally. The honest man who uses a revolver or a sword-stick when attacked is absolutely certain to be arrested, and he is exceedingly lucky if he gets off without a severe punishment. The law tells him that it is his duty to run away, and call for the police. Of course, this is all to the advantage of the rough. He will probably choose his time when the police are not in sight. If he is hunting in a pack—as he is wont to do—there is every chance that the honest man will be pounded to a jelly long before the guardian of the public peace hears what is going on. Then the roughs have an opportunity to get off, and, if they are caught, will probably escape with three months and a certain amount of what they derisively call "chin wag" from the worthy magistrate. How long would it be if the neighbourhood banded in its own defence before the police would be down on it? And a visit from the police, which is a trifle to the rough, is a very serious thing to people who wish to lead orderly lives. Besides, we are under the impression that we live in a state of society which exempts us from the necessity of banding in our own defence. So the conditions of the game are decidedly in favour of the rough. Not the least advantage on his side is the sense of proprietorship which the courts seem to feel in him. He, from their point of view, is entitled, or so we dimly gather, to every kind of law and to all the chances; but the honest man who uses a weapon in his own defence is a species of poacher who has intruded on the preserves of the Bench, the Bar, and the police, on the criminal warren by which they live. He ought to "take it lying down," till Bench, Bar, and police, the formulas being first duly observed, come to his help. Then he shall have sympathy and the praise of respect for the law to console him for his broken bones. But if he lifts his hand in his own defence, the law will back him up by hanging on him with all its considerable weight.

AFRICA.

THE series of arrangements now in progress for the delimitation of Africa will not improbably seem to the English historian the most noteworthy event of this decade. Its object is the securing of as much of the continent of Africa as may be for Great Britain, in face of the sudden awakening of other European nations to the fact that colonies are all but a necessity to countries with a

dense population, and on the success of the process much of the prospects of England in the future will depend. This process is still uncompleted, and its steps are still interesting in the highest degree. In one respect it seems to have experienced something like a nominal, though not real, check. Not only has the Ministry which concluded the Anglo-Portuguese agreement gone out of office at Lisbon, not only are Portuguese rabble and Portuguese Parliament men exulting in the idea that the Convention is a "dead letter," but unless there is some very audacious fabrication of news, instructions have been sent out by the present Ministers at Lisbon to Mozambique, which in more decorous phrase very nearly amount to "Go it, Ned!" It is, indeed, difficult to conceive that a regularly constituted Government can not merely allow its reputation to suffer most seriously, but can reject such advantages as those offered by the agreement. It is not too much to say that that agreement actually increased the territory of Portugal by great areas, while the stipulations practically implied a guarantee from Great Britain. But Portugal is a small country with a particularly debased lower class, an upper class of little authority and less accomplishment, a Royal Family which, though not unpopular, excites no enthusiasm, a strong and reckless Republican faction, and perhaps a greater amount of general prejudice and ignorance on things in general than in any other European country except Turkey and parts of Russia. If any Portuguese is capable of understanding what things mean, he may be referred to the announcements respecting the Mashonaland expedition, and to quite recent telegrams to the effect that the agreement is regarded with dissatisfaction at Cape Town. That dissatisfaction, as even he may be aware, arises from the feeling, not that Portugal has got too little, but that she has got too much. We do not ourselves sympathize with the new kind of MONROE doctrine which is in fashion at the Cape; but the Portuguese may rest assured that, if the mother-country gave the colonists their way, it would not be long before the Portuguese colour on the map was restricted to a very narrow coast strip in Mozambique and another in Lower Guinea.

From another quarter it is announced that Sir EVELYN BARING and General GRENFELL are going to negotiate in person at Rome a settlement of a not wholly dissimilar kind to those arranged with Germany and France, and, but for the madness of the people, with Portugal. There is nothing necessarily disquieting in this; indeed, it is highly desirable that some arrangement of the kind should be made, so that the whole matter may be settled and done with, and the three great Companies which have been formed may be able to work with hands completely free and with an exact knowledge each of its "sphere." In days past Egypt and Abyssinia were never able to agree on the boundary between them, and it is quite time that England as representing Egypt, and Italy as representing Abyssinia, should come to an understanding. Only, it is not only to be trusted, but imperatively demanded, that there be no endangering either of the command of the Nile or of the Red Sea route to Berber, with its almost necessary "pendicle," the district of Kassala. It would be unnecessary to repeat this if it were not that there has been a good deal of loose talk in Italy itself about this matter. Sir EVELYN BARING has more than a little gilded his early days of "scuttle" by years of excellent work in Egypt, and though General GRENFELL is not more likely than other soldiers to be enthusiastic about the Egyptian desert, there ought to be no fear of his being weaker-kneed. Let the Italians have a handsome allowance of border by all means; yet so as that not the slightest possibility of encroachment be permitted on the water route from Alexandria to the Nyanzas, or on the land route from the Red Sea to Khartoum.

MILITARY MANŒUVRES.

THE manœuvre season has come to an end all over Europe, and it has been full of promises of peace. Out of a multiplicity of reports we gather with pleasure that the business of manœuvring promises to become—has, in fact, become—so intensely absorbing that in future there will be no time left to European soldiers for fighting. It is not as it was in those old days when everybody had a weapon and a system of drill which he thought would do. Nobody is any longer satisfied with his weapon, his powder, or his drill. Then, as he will not go to war till he is satis-

fied, or while he thinks the other side may have the better of him, and as there are now many hundreds of ingenious persons at work all over Europe inventing improvements of all kinds, it seems not improbable that we may remain comfortably at peace till science has exhausted herself. There does come occasionally to the onlooker in this country who hears so much about all these things a wicked wish that he could "see the young gentleman play," as the umpire said when he wanted to excuse himself for a flagrantly wrong ruling of Not out. One does want a little to see what all this smokeless powder, these magazine rifles, these new formations, will amount to in the real game. But the wish is a wicked one, and ought not to be indulged. For the rest, it will not be lightly satisfied by those who are responsible for the well-guarded peace of Europe. They know too well that all their armies are too much on a level.

The manœuvres which have been most interesting to us have been naturally our own, and next to them the French. It is rather particularly important to know what result the last twenty years of work in France have had. All reports seem to agree that the result has been the formation of a really excellent army. It is one of the exasperating qualities of the French that beneath so much superficial folly they do contrive to do so much and such thoroughly excellent work. Since the last war they have been keeping their folly for their politics and their work for their army, with the result that they have a force now which even Germany would be in no hurry to tackle. Whether in the conditions of modern war, in the days of smokeless powder and loose formations, which leave a man much to himself, the old military qualities of the French would be what they once were we may doubt; and yet the French have often surprised their neighbours, and may again. It does at least appear that what preparation and organization can do has been done. As for our own manœuvres, they must be held, apparently, to have proved that our cavalry is what it always was. Who the colossally ignorant person was who told the *Times*' Correspondent that he had never before believed that the British cavalry could ride we are sorry not to know. Happily even he has been convinced, and it may now be taken as universally known that the British cavalry can ride; but then it always could. Unluckily, it was also always known that it was apt to rest too well content with its riding and its drill. Apparently it has continued to so rest content. The *Times*' Correspondent, who apologizes most unnecessarily for having an opinion and giving it, says that the work of reconnaissance was done a little too much, as if the officers saw in it an opportunity for dashing fighting on their own hook. Readers of the Duke of WELLINGTON'S despatches will remember how that great commander was exasperated into informing the lieutenants of cavalry in his army that, when they were sent out to obtain information, it was no part of their duty to bring on a general engagement, and that large armies were not routed by half-troops of cavalry. It appears, also, that the management of our men in masses was not well done. This, also, is an old story. The Duke did not think that a large body of our horse would be a match for an equal body of French, though the better men individually. NAPIER records that at the beginning of the Peninsular War our cavalry was generally thought somewhat inferior. The reason for that inferiority is not far to seek. Our cavalry has almost always been kept scattered in small bodies, and has had little to do but to attend to its drill and its riding. For that, however, the remedy is very obvious. Let our cavalry have its yearly opportunity of practising in large bodies, and it will soon learn to equal the best Continental horse in those things in which it is inferior, and that without losing its superiority in those things in which it is superior.

"REVOLUTION" IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE simple-hearted love of Americans for big words explains the application of the serious word "revolution" to late events in South Carolina. What really has happened is, that a popular leader has persuaded a majority of voters that he understands their interests better than any one else, and they have decided, in one of those endless conventions which prepare the way for an election in America, to vote for him as Governor. This is not exactly a revolution, but it is a considerable change made under circumstances which give it a decidedly exceptional interest

among recent political events in America. In the first place, the new leader, Mr. TILLMAN, has attacked, and seems certain to drive from the Senate, General WADE HAMPTON, who was known, not only as one of the ablest Confederate officers in the Civil War, but as the representative of the old planter-politicians who have been the leaders of the South hitherto. Mr. TILLMAN, who is a large farmer, has figured deliberately as a demagogue. He has very possibly never heard of PISISTRATUS, but it is an interesting proof of the vitality of a certain type of politicians that he has repeated one of the most effective manœuvres of that ancient Greek. During the late conflict he appeared surrounded by a guard of "heavily-armed" men, to protect him from the assassination which he alleged was threatened by the "aristocrats." His style of eloquence has the good old ring, and he talks glibly of "the dethronement of law" by the other side, and the "obtuseness of moral consciousness" displayed by them, which, it seems, is going to destroy "our very civilization." The Greek tyrant in the grub state said these things better, but he said them; and as for the heavily-armed guard, that was just the same. Then, again, the platform on which Mr. TILLMAN stands is not unworthy of notice in itself.

The next Governor of the State of South Carolina is a leader of the Farmers' Alliance. This body, of which a good deal has been heard in connexion with the McKINLEY Bill, will in all probability be much to the fore in American politics for some time. It has, as yet, not succeeded in "capturing" any State, but it is important in many; so much so that much has been inserted in the McKINLEY Bill, and much in the way of retaliation for the exclusion of American pork and cattle has been threatened, in deference to its wishes. If the Alliance can, as there seems to be every probability that it will, secure complete control of a State so intimately associated with the management of the Democratic party as South Carolina, its power will be materially increased. Mr. TILLMAN and his friends continue to call themselves Democrats, though they attack the policy and the characters of the former leaders of the party. They are as resolute as ever the planters were to exclude the negro majority of the inhabitants of the State from any share of political power. With remarkable candour they declare that "race antagonism" would be increased by whatever tended to make the possession of a vote by the negroes other than a mere form—which we take to mean that it would constrain them to shoot more than they have shot hitherto. A minority of white men will, of course, never willingly submit to be governed by a majority of blacks, and this article of their creed possesses no novelty. With another article there ought to be very general sympathy. The Farmers' Alliance in South Carolina demand "stringent measures of procedure in trials, to secure prompt convictions." There is, indeed, room for reform in this respect in the United States. The other articles of their "platform" are of a more contentious character. As far as we can make them out from the account given by the *Times*' Correspondent, the only one which is accessible at this moment in Europe, the Alliance seems to have revived some very old friends. It demands that burdens should be taken off the farmers and imposed on the rich or on corporations, and that speculation in crops should be prohibited. By this, we take it, they mean that the farmer should be relieved from the necessity of going to the bank when he wishes to raise money on his standing crops. The precise method by which he is to be rescued is one of the oldest of old friends. The Treasury is to issue to him all the paper money he asks for, and then he will be able to get along without the money-lender. This resource is nearly as old as the heavily-armed guard. It is easy to understand that the old Democratic party is considerably annoyed at the rapid growth of an Alliance which aims at committing it to such a policy as this. But the Democratic party must accept the inevitable. The Farmers' Alliance has carried South Carolina, and there is no doubt that it will have much support in other States. There is nothing surprising in what has happened. Mr. TILLMAN is only applying the common principles of American Protectionists to the particular interests of the farmer. These interests will certainly clash with those of the manufacturer and merchant; but that is inevitable with a policy of Protection. The struggle between the parties will in all probability supply the staple of American politics for some years to come.

POTATOES AND POLITICS.

WHEN the potato-blight was first heard of as an affliction that would probably extend over a large part of Ireland, the grief occasioned by the news ran very much in party lines. Shallowest among professional Home Rulers and partisan Radicals, it was grief indeed to the more interested and responsible members of the Unionist party. There was an equal sorrow for individual cotters whose only means of subsistence was menaced with complete failure, no doubt; but what mitigation of distress there was for Parnellites in the prospect of a dearth that could be called a famine, and what solace for English Gladstonians in the trouble which actual hunger, and adroit political use of it, would bring upon the Government! On the other hand, the Ministerialists were aware that this trouble to themselves might become rather serious, well handled by such opponents as theirs, if the potato crop suffered as it had suffered before. It does happen that the economical prosperity of a nation is always advantageous to the Government which administers it for the time, and that bad seasons are always good for the party in Opposition. Up to the day when the potato-blight was discovered this summer, Ireland had been doing well with its trade and its crops; and this improvement, aided by the rent robbed from the landlords, had lasted for several years. It would be incorrect to say that therefore the people had become more satisfied with British rule; but it is pretty certain that they were less inclined to disturbance on that account, while at the same time they were tiring of the game of Parnellism and Crime. It is so in Ireland, where rebellion is a popular amusement—or distraction, rather—and is taken up in "rages," like the rage for croquet or golf in the more settled portions of the QUEEN'S dominions. A check to this tranquillizing prosperity just as another Irish Session was about to begin, and when a general election was not far off, may not have been regarded as an absolute blessing by the Gladstonians and Parnellites, but it was not all unwelcome to them obviously. They could rejoice with sadness, if not with all the abandon of DAVID on a certain great occasion, while there were no such mitigations of sorrow for the other side.

At that time there was no knowing how much mischief the blight might work, and attention had not been generally called to the fortunate fact that the Irish people depend much less on the potato crop nowadays than they did in times precedent to the great famines. Now we know the worst, or thereabout; and know that it is not nearly as bad as it might have been, though bad enough truly. All that is humane in the Gladstonian and the Parnellite is happily permitted to mourn a little less, though the politician in them has to smile at diminished length. According to the testimony of inquirers like Mr. JACKSON—who is not the only official person who has been roving over the poorer districts of Ireland to discover the truth for an anxious Government—the potato crop has suffered severely. The failure has been exaggerated by newspaper reporters, as a matter of course, and especially by Irish newspapers. It is doubtless true, as Mr. JACKSON and other trustworthy inquirers inform us, that the crop has been fairly good over a large area of cultivation—over the greater part of the country indeed. But it is a bad or even a lost crop in some places where a population of poor cotters still depends upon the potato for food. That these remote and ever-wretched people will have to be helped in some way is pretty certain. But, though Mr. DILLON and the like of him still talk of "famine" as if it had been brought upon the whole country by an exterminating system of government, nothing of the kind need be feared. Grain crops have taken the place of the potato over vast stretches of land; and these crops appear to be abundant. There will be no great distress beyond certain districts, where a much too spiritless resignation to poverty has become habitual; and what distress may befall can be kept far short of the terror and reproach of "famine."

Such is the prospect now that it can be fairly viewed; and the inference is that the potato failure in Ireland will have no such influence in party politics as was hoped by the one side and feared on the other. Needless to say that had that and every other crop been a total failure, the Government would have been no more responsible for the visitation than M. CARNOT is for the floods in France; but what of that! Grant our good friends of the Opposition an Irish famine, such as they themselves could no more have prevented than they can regulate the rains, and they would make a triumph of it and a virtue

of the triumph. Hark to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT on "the famine in Ireland!" Though he speaketh not, being denied the wherewithal for declamation on that subject (and we may hope that he will still be denied the little that would suffice for him), who does not hear him on "the famine in Ireland," and the echo of his rhetoric in the Radical journals? It is more than likely, however, that, though there will be no famine, there will be distress enough to make capital out of. Already it is made a ground of justification for refusal to pay rent; a refusal which those who can well afford to pay are to join in, so as to keep in countenance those who cannot conveniently pay. In Parliament, no doubt, more capital will be made by way of amendments to the Land Purchase Bill, of original measures like that which Mr. DILLON has sketched out already, of questions innumerable, of reproaches interminable. Beyond or beneath such action as this there will be a grounding assumption that the failure of a root-crop where it is most carelessly grown is another proof that Ireland should be governed by a different machinery and on different principles. An absurd assumption, of course; but it already comes out in the speeches of Ireland's most cultivated agitators, and it will find a place in the minds of men who are conscious that it will not bear expression in plain terms. All such nonsense will be steadily resisted by the Government, no doubt; and also, it may be hoped, by their Liberal allies. Should the failure of the potato crop call for a grant in aid of the poor wretches who are distressed by it, a grant in aid there will be. It is already decided that means shall be taken to relieve the poverty of certain districts by a large expenditure on "light railways" and similar works, and Mr. DILLON has pointed out that this expenditure might be enlarged by hundreds of thousands of pounds without adding a penny to the cost of government in Ireland. Half the present cost of the police could be saved, as he suggests, if he and his fellows would only desist from their lawlessness. But by the choice of measures like these the Government must be content to deal with the poverty of the West, steadily continuing to reject those schemes of political change and class extinction for which (so mischievous are they) the most abundant potato crop ever known would be no compensation.

NAVAL GUNNERY.

THE quality of naval guns has been a familiar subject of debate this many a year; but of naval gunnery not much has been said. A correspondent has, however, at last written something to the *Times* on the subject; and, as any word about the navy is as the letting out of waters, more will probably be heard. Whether it be so or no, the remarks of the correspondent are interesting, if only because they show how remarkably little the navy seems to know about what it will or can do with its weapons. It is almost a matter of course that in a paper of this kind we should have a lament over our gunnery sins, the low ebb we are at in this matter, the happy-go-lucky system of the navy, and the general superiority of foreigners. Was there ever a time when the foreigner did not do everything better than we did? and yet here we are. The historical criticism of the writer in the *Times* does not inspire an amount of confidence which induces us to accept his round assertions of our inferiority to the French and Germans as gunners. He says quite glibly that the United States in the old war "beat us over and over again on this very field." What, in the affair between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*? And in what other did the Yankee frigates meet well-found English ships? Of course, if we are going to send our ships to sea in the state in which the *Java* was, for instance; if they are to be manned with undrilled men, and their decks are to be so blocked with all kinds of lumber that the guns cannot be got clear; if we are to oppose everybody with the refuse of our service, because the best of it has its hands full elsewhere—why then, of course, it is highly probable that we shall be beaten as we were in the war of 1812. If, however, anybody thinks we can avoid disaster under such circumstances by writing papers about "Gun Control," and what not, he is mistaken.

It is possible that the writer in the *Times* does not even quite accurately represent the opinion of a considerable number of naval officers when he says that they are secretly convinced that their guns would be effective at a distance of ten miles. It is, at least, not easy to believe that naval officers can have come to that conclusion by arguing from the fact that a gun has thrown a shot for

twelve miles. Naval officers must know what proportion of the *Shah's* shot took effect on the *Huascar*, and what probability there is that in action much better practice will be made than in the scrimmage off Ilo. We cannot help suspecting just a little that he has put up a dummy here for the fun of knocking it over. For he does, with the help of Lieutenant MEIGS, of the United States navy, knock it very effectually over. He produces many excellent reasons for holding that, so far from fire being effective up to ten miles, it might as well not be tried at over less than one. He shows that, when two vessels are moving, it is impossible to get the exact range, and that it is as good as useless to fire till you have a fair chance of hitting at point-blank range. In the "Nelsonian era" this was from 300 to 400 yards. Now it will be a very little over 1,100. At longer ranges the misses will be so many that the game will not be worth the candle. This is the conclusion arrived at by Lieutenant MEIGS, U.S.N., and shared, we will undertake to say, by quite as many English naval officers at least as hold the creed that fire can be effective at ten miles. It is a very sensible one, and it leads to certain further conclusions which may well be pressed on the Admiralty. If the range of effective fire is to be from 400 to 1,100 yards, it would seem to follow that a gun which will do the needful at that range is quite as good a gun as is wanted. We do not need weapons which will throw a shot for more miles than a shot needs to be thrown. Also it would seem to follow that whoever gets most guns to work at that range will have the best chance of making most hits. Now is it necessary, in order to pierce any plate afloat at 1,100 yards, to have 47, and 63, and 110-ton guns? Is it not the case that guns of from 22 to 30 tons would do the work adequately, would be more easily handled, and that we could carry a great many more of them? If these things are not so, will those who are responsible for the retention of the monster guns in the navy explain why? If they are as we say, it would be better to press this moral on the Admiralty than to lament because our naval officers, following the uniform practice of their predecessors, abstain from much writing or talking about professional science.

THE FANTOCCINI TORPEDO.

SIGNOR PAOLO FANTOCCINI was a diminutive Italian with a tiny waist. He had a large narrow head thickly covered with well-oiled blue-black ringlets, deep-set eyes placed very closely together, a large Jewish nose, and a carefully trimmed beard which began just below his eyes. He had a sallow complexion, and he was slightly pock-marked; but he had a very engaging smile. He wore a very low turn-down collar and a draggled bow of narrow black riband, a Joinville coat faced and lined with greasy satin, a very low double-breasted buff waistcoat, and tight lavender trousers which belled over a broken-down pair of pumps. His hat was an old black satin Gibus with a wide and curling brim. Signor Fantoccini began life as a druggist's assistant, and he claimed to have worked, for a time, in the laboratory of the illustrious Count Mattei. When the insurrection broke out in 1860 his soul yearned to do something to forward the cause of the gallant Garibaldi. He was disinclined, however, to carry arms, so accordingly he shipped on board a Government man-of-war in the capacity of ship's cook, and served the revolutionary cause by poisoning the greater number of the officers and crew. For this ingenious deed of valour the insurgents promised to invest him—when happier times should come—with the Order of Santa Lucrezia, on the strength of which undertaking the Signor over afterwards wore a scrap of riband in his buttonhole. Some ten years ago he came to England having in his charge a number of his neighbours' children whom he had persuaded to leave their homes (without the knowledge of their parents) in order to study the art of music. He settled in Hatton Garden, and for a long time he lived not uncomfortably on the money earned by these little ones as street musicians. At last, however, one of his young charges complained to the police of his treatment of them, and he was convicted of cruelty and imprisoned for three months with hard labour. It was during this period of seclusion that the ambitious little Italian registered a vow that the very Government—or their successors—who had thrown him into the miserable cell in which he then lay should one day support him in luxury to the end of his days.

Soon after his liberation he forwarded to the Admiralty a few details of a new torpedo which he had invented. It was of very simple construction. It was made of wood and shaped not unlike a dolphin—as one is used to see him in sculpture. The motive power of this projectile was to be simply the impetus which it should acquire by being launched from a considerable height;

and the explosive contained in it was only a developed form of the Count Mattei's celebrated *Scrofaloso*. The Signor had christened it *Caramboloso*. It was a bland fluid, perfectly safe to handle in an ordinary way, but heavily charged with electricity. When first launched the new torpedo would float head foremost with the tail and part of the back exposed. These were to be so coloured as to resemble an ordinary dolphin or porpoise. But so soon as the head of the projectile should strike any object—such as the keel of a vessel—the weight of the tail would cause it to fall and to come round with such force as to explode the petard containing the *Caramboloso* which was secreted in the said tail. The Lords of the Admiralty were so taken with the idea that, as soon as routine would allow—that is to say, in about seven years' time—Signor Fantoccini received an answer, in which he was requested to wait upon them to explain further the details of his invention. He promptly kept his appointment, and illustrated the main principles of his idea by means of a model roughly cut out of wood with a penknife and a paper boat hastily made out of a naval estimate. This was floated, amidst some excitement, in the permanent secretary's hip-bath, which was placed in the centre of the table, round which their lordships were seated. It was impossible, of course, to show the effectiveness of the explosive in an experiment upon so small a scale—that had to be taken for granted—but the mere impetus of the tiny projectile caused the huge paper vessel to sink, in a realistic manner that brought tears to the five eyes of the three admirals present. Signor Fantoccini's invention was provisionally adopted with enthusiasm. It was agreed that he should receive four hundred a year and the use of the Government dockyard for the next three years, in order to perfect his weapon, and that, at the end of that period, a trial of it on an extensive scale should be undertaken at the expense of the nation; and that, should the result of such trial prove satisfactory, the inventor should receive 30,000*l.* for the patent. For the next three years the Signor lived on the fat of the land. Since his incarceration he had been earning a precarious living by the sale of penny ices—or "hoky-poky," as the substance is called by many—and the contrast in his life was almost enough to turn his head. In his moments of leisure, which were frequent and prolonged, the Signor employed his time in the dockyard in taking photographs of various patent pieces of machinery, for copies of which he found a ready sale with various foreign Governments. Thus by a little industry he was able, even in his spare time, to supplement his already comfortable income. As the day of the all-important trial of the new patent Fantoccini Torpedo approached, however, it was noticed that the Signor grew less and less cheerful. His manner grew nervous and his appetite almost entirely deserted him. The fact of the matter was that he knew, although no one else did, that his so-called torpedo was no torpedo at all, that it was very uncertain whether she would even float, that by no possibility could her impetus cause her to go more than about twenty yards after she had touched the surface of the sea, and that his *Caramboloso* was nothing but plain water. He was strongly tempted to bolt; but, on the other hand, it pleased his vanity to imagine himself, even for an hour, the hero of the moment, surrounded by royal dukes, First Lords, and members of Parliament. At last the momentous day arrived. The experiment was to take place off Dover. It was determined by the Admiralty that, in order that the experiment should be thorough, it should be tried, not upon a worthless old hulk, but upon a properly armoured war-vessel of the latest pattern in full commission. Accordingly they selected H.M.S. *Ramshackle*, 9,330 tons (10,002 horse-power), which had been built the previous year at a cost of 600,000*l.* The night before, the hon. member for Twickenham had asked the First Lord of the Admiralty "Whether it was true that the Government had purchased the patent of a new torpedo? and if so, at what price? Whether it was true that the newly-built war-vessel, the *Ramshackle*, was to be experimentalized upon on the following day, and what would be the cost to the nation?" To which the First Lord had replied that "The Government had not purchased the patent in question. That the *Ramshackle* would be concerned in the naval manœuvres to take place on the following day near Dover, but that it was not at present known in what manner or to what extent she would be so concerned. That, in such circumstances, it was impossible to estimate with any precision the probable cost of any proposed experiments. That all torpedo experiments were attended with a certain amount of original outlay, owing partly to the high price of explosives." To which the hon. member for Ballyskreel had exclaimed, "Ye don't know where to buy 'em!" and elicited the reprimand of "Order! Order!" from the Chair. The following morning an important party of authorities left Charing Cross by special train to witness the trial of the Fantoccini Torpedo. The Signor was in a tremendous state of nervous excitement. He knew that his arrest for obtaining a large sum of money by false pretences was now only a question of hours—possibly of minutes. However, he put on as bold a face as he could, and he was duly presented to all the dignitaries as they arrived. The hour fixed for the experiment was mid-day. The sea was perfectly calm and blue. The torpedo was hoisted on a species of switch-back railway at the top of Dover Cliffs. At three minutes to twelve the *Ramshackle* hove in sight, towed about two hundred fathoms astern of a Government tender. Signor Fantoccini burst into a cold perspiration. He felt in imagination the grip on his shoulder of the neighbouring policeman, who up to the present time was

regarding him with awe and respect. In two minutes and three-quarters the tender was exactly in front of the scaffolding. The ligature which bound the torpedo to her moorings was cut in two, and the projectile whizzed along a greased groove close past her unhappy inventor, who, in his despair, buried his face in his hands. Suddenly he was aroused from his terrified stupor by a ringing shout of applause, which was repeated again and again until the "welkin rang." He looked up in dazed bewilderment. "Marvellous!" "Tremendous!" "Never saw anything like it!" were the exclamations he heard all round him. "Allow me to be the first to congratulate you," cried a Serene personage, grasping the astonished little Italian charlatan by the hand.

The fact of the matter was that a most extraordinary—almost marvellous—piece of luck had befallen Signor Fantoccini—a piece of luck which meant 30,000*l.* ready money to him, and all kinds of honour and promotion in the future. By a curious coincidence, at the very moment that his bogus torpedo had reached the water (where, as a matter of fact, she had immediately sunk to the bottom) the *Ramshackle* had done what many a British war vessel in full fighting array has done before and may do again—she had fallen to pieces of her own accord!

RAVENSWOOD AT THE LYCEUM.

A DRAMATIST who approaches Scott's work with a view to using it for the stage is confronted with a difficulty which does not, perhaps, exist to the same degree in the case of any other novelist except Dickens. We refer, of course, to the familiarity (whether at first or second hand does not much matter) of the audience with the original work. This renders his task of selection from the abundant material at his disposal a very heavy one. Many people seem to expect him to bring in the whole book—plot, incident, dialogue, and all—into a play which shall not endure longer than the space of some three hours. Of course this is impossible; whereon much shaking of heads ensues, accompanied by the perennial remark, "It is all very well; but this is not Scott." On the other hand, the dramatist's laudable attempt to preserve as much of his author as possible within the narrow limits assigned to him, and to catch, perchance, something of his ineffable charm, is angrily denounced by another, and happily a much smaller, class. Those who compose it complain because Scott was not banished, lock, stock, and barrel, and the central idea of the story alone retained.

In the case of the *Bride of Lammermoor* these difficulties are specially present. In the first place, former and frequent adaptations together with opera derived from the same source have made it the best known of all Scott's works to the playgoing public. In the second place, owing, no doubt, to the painful circumstances in which it was produced, it is certainly not the best of Scott's greater novels. And the dramatic element is found more rarely and less intensely than elsewhere. Of course there is the great and terrible penultimate scene concluding with Lucy's ghastly mirth—"So you have ta'en up your bonny bridegroom"—which lives in the memory for ever; but, though "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," we doubt whether any living dramatist, possessing at once a sense of poetry and propriety, could be found able or willing to present the scene on the stage. Beyond this there is nothing particularly dramatic about the story. Whatever may be said of other forms of art, it is certain that serious drama is nothing if not moral, and in the *Bride of Lammermoor* this quality is almost absent. Lucy is a colourless character; the Master himself is not much better; and, if you take away his plumes or make him laugh, he ceases even to be picturesque; Sir William Ashton, again, has not the necessary qualification of villany. It is never made clear that he obtained the Ravenswood estates by other than perfectly honest means. Lady Ashton and Caleb Balderstone are the only essentially dramatic figures in the book; but it is impossible to make them play the leading part in the play. For the dramatist, then, there remains practically the sempiternal interest attaching to a course of true love which does not run smooth. Bucklaw, Craigenfelt, and Douglas Ashton do not count for much; while Blind Alice, Ailsie Gourlay, and the others seem, to us at least, very much in the way at times, though their introduction cannot be altogether avoided. Nevertheless, the book has been popular in dramatic shape in the past, and Mr. Merivale's version seems likely, as it well deserves, to become a classic to a future generation of playgoers. It is long, indeed, since the English stage has been enriched by a work so charged with poetry, so full of fancy and power wedded to stage-craft in the best sense of the term. Mr. Merivale's singular command of that extremely ticklish weapon, blank verse, was indeed well known to many of us before; but it has never been exhibited to more advantage—not even, perhaps, in that brilliant work *Florien*—than in *Ravenswood*. Blank verse, it has been remarked with astonishing wisdom, is easier to write than prose. This is one of the *dicta* which one would like to see practically illustrated by the utterer. What is quite certain is that it is not given to many writers to handle blank verse with Mr. Merivale's apparent ease and command. And it is also tolerably certain that the play gains in dignity for being couched in verse spoken as it is at the Lyceum.

The particulars in which Mr. Merivale has departed from Sir

Walter Scott's romance have been already dwelt upon at length in the daily papers. It is, therefore, well known that he has taken such liberties as a dramatist may, and ever must take, with Scott. In some cases he has added power, and perhaps in some lost it. The loss is inevitable. The dramatist is weighted from the start with the shortcomings of the novel. Mr. Merivale, himself a poet and novelist, saw the difficulty, and "did what a man can" to meet it. From what we have already said, it is, perhaps, needless to remark that the great scene in the bedroom is avoided. The terror of the quicksand is indicated, not seen. In its place we have a *Récit de Théramène* given by Caleb Balderstone and rendered with singular and tragic force by Mr. Mackintosh. The catastrophe of the play differs from that of the novel in that Lucy Ashton dies from a broken heart without the interval of madness, and that the last thing seen of Ravenswood is that he kills Bucklaw (Douglas Ashton is not introduced) in a duel, at the end of which Bucklaw, dying, reveals to Ravenswood that Lucy's seeming faithlessness is the work of Lady Ashton. This is a brief summary of the cardinal points in which Mr. Merivale's really beautiful play departs from the novel.

To speak of Mr. Irving's performance, we may say at once that we were no less surprised than delighted at the success with which he overcame the almost insurmountable difficulties which stand in the way of his assumption of such a part as the Master. The romantic quality it displayed was of course expected, for he has shown on many occasions that he is a romantic actor of the highest class. We will not now dwell at length on the details of his performance; but his impressively youthful bearing in the love scene at the well calls for special mention. He was at his worst in the first scene of the second act; but the incident of the bull, which was so unsatisfactory on the first night as to account for shortcomings in this scene, has been altered with excellent effect. The fights were good, both as regards the acting and swordsmanship. Of Miss Ellen Terry's performance it is difficult to speak. No words could describe its wonderful charm and beauty. We can only compare it to her Olivia. The distinguished merit of her acting in the scene at Wolf's Crag seems to have been generally missed; but the fault here may be partly that of Mr. Mackintosh, whose Caleb failed in this single instance. Either he did not bring out the humour of Caleb's obvious fiction, or he was not given the opportunity of doing so. At all events, the reason for Lucy's extravagance is not made clear enough. Mr. Irving was also notable in this scene; his laughter was most delicately tinged with annoyance. The part of Bucklaw has been largely modified by Mr. Merivale; he is a sort of blend of the original Bucklaw and Colonel Douglas Ashton, whose services are very rightly dispensed with. A touch of Bucklaw's straightforward if rather Philistine common sense is, however, retained—and Mr. Terriss's only failure, and that a small one, is in delivering the platitude about forgiveness. For the rest, Mr. Terriss's playing of the part is most effective; he wears his clothes well, and has what is commonly believed to be the bearing of a man of the last century. His Bucklaw, however, seemed to us to have too much of Squire Thornhill about him. Mr. Mackintosh scored a very well-deserved success as Caleb Balderstone, especially, as has been said, at the end. Mr. Alfred Bishop's Sir William Ashton was altogether unacceptable, while of Miss Le Thiere's Lady Ashton it must be said that one cannot praise it. Mr. Wenman was, on the whole, a good Craigie, and Ailsie Gourlay was effectively rendered by Miss Marriott. The part is a difficult one, but Miss Marriott makes the best of it. It is not too much to say that even Mr. Irving has never shown better taste and judgment than in the mounting of this piece, to the success of which Dr. Mackenzie's beautiful music contributed its full share.

RACING.

ONE of the most valuable races of the year was run for this day week in the Lancashire Plate of 11,000*l.* at Manchester. Theoretically it ought to be the great trial of the season between the two-year-olds, three-year-olds, and four-year-olds. On the present occasion the four-year-olds had a grand representative in Amphion; but it was a question whether Memoir, the winner of the Oaks, the St. Leger, and two other important races, was the best three-year-old of the year; for, in the opinion of not a few excellent judges, Morion, the unbeaten winner of six races this season, had a greater claim to the championship. Then, although it might well be that Orion was the best two-year-old, that had yet to be proved. Amphion, St. Serf, and Orvieto were meeting at weight for age; Memoir was meeting both of them at a disadvantage of 3 lbs.; and Martagon was receiving 7 lbs., Orion 6 lbs., and the Chopette filly 7 lbs. more than weight for age from Amphion, St. Serf, and Orvieto, and 3 lbs. more from Memoir. The Lancashire Plate is one of those races which are very different affairs in reality from what they appear to be on paper. In the first place, the course, for a seven-furlong race, is a most unfortunate one; for, instead of being straight, or nearly straight, as all seven-furlong courses should be, it is shaped like an ill-formed pothook in a child's copy-book, and the best horse in the world might lose his chance in rounding the awkward turn. Then, coming so soon after the

St. Leger, such a short-distanced race places horses that have been trained for the mile and six furlongs at Doncaster at a great disadvantage.

General Byrne's Amphion, the first favourite, was looking very well, and covered with muscle; on the other hand, both Memoir and St. Serf seemed fagged, and did not appear to have recovered their freshness since Doncaster. The Chopette filly and Martagon got the best of the start—a great advantage on such a course as this—and Memoir was last of all for about a furlong. On entering the straight the Chopette filly and Martagon were still leading. Orvieto was now third, and presently he ran out of the line a little—a proceeding which in itself injured nobody's chance except his own—but, unfortunately, he turned short into it again in a few strides. This had the effect of causing a collision. Amphion nearly fell, and for a moment Tom Cannon lost his reins, St. Serf was knocked out of his stride, Orvieto himself was driven towards the rails, and Orion was more or less interfered with. The winner of the St. Leger was beaten a quarter of a mile from home, and at that point of the race the Chopette filly held the lead, with Martagon in close attendance. At the same time Orion, in the immediate rear of the leading pair, was trying in vain to get an opening, and Amphion, who had recovered from his scramble with wonderful rapidity in Cannon's able hands, was rapidly making his way to the front. At the distance Orvieto was beaten, and just then Martagon got on even terms with the Chopette filly, while Amphion drew up to their girths. Before reaching Tattersall's enclosure he had reached their heads, and, hard ridden to the very end, he came away, and won by a length and a half. Martagon won the 1,500*l.* given to the second in the race by a head from the Chopette filly, who won the 500*l.* given to the third, without very much to spare, from Orion, who, he it remembered, was giving her 4 lbs. and had been rather hampered at one part of the race, whereas the Chopette filly had had a clear course. Without desiring to champion the pretensions of Orvieto, we may point out that it is but fair to remember that he was giving 6 lbs. to Orion. It would be idle to pretend that the Lancashire Plate produced in every respect a true run race; but nothing that occurred in it qualified the merits of the victory of Amphion, who was all but down in the scrimmage. In having been entered for either the Two Thousand, Derby, or St. Leger of his year he was a very unlucky horse; yet his winnings are now little short of 18,000*l.* As he is only four years old, he may still add something to this; and his value as a stud horse should be far higher than the 10,000*l.* which is reported to have been refused for him both this year and last. Most of his races have been won over from five furlongs to a mile; but, fortunately for his reputation, he beat the winners of the Two Thousand and the Derby, at weight for age, over a mile and a half at Ascot, so he can no longer be condemned as a non-stayer. He is, as everybody knows, a chestnut colt with white stockings on his hind legs; and with his weight-carrying powers, his tremendous speed, and his fine temper, he ought to be one of the most attractive of stallions to breeders. Whether he is by Rosebery or Speculum, he represents the Vedette blood, which has been so successful of late in the stock of St. Simon. Through his dam he inherits the famous Touchstone on Birdcatcher cross, with a strain of Melbourne on Venison; and if, as is probable, he is by Rosebery, Newminster is his great-grand sire twice over. The immediate effect of the Lancashire Plate upon the future was to bring Martagon into favouritism for the Cambridgeshire, a race in which he is handicapped to receive a stone from Signorina. A few years ago, it would have astonished racing men to hear that a colt that had never won a race could have won 2,000*l.* in stakes; yet that was the amount of Martagon's winnings after the race for the Lancashire Plate.

On the previous day, the Breeders' Foal Stakes of 1,800*l.* helped to show that several of our best two-year-olds are within a few pounds of each other; for, at the weights, Pannonia, who was beaten half a length by Springtime, ran rather the best of the pair, while Flodden Field, who finished three lengths off, was by no means disgraced. At Derby, Springtime had run as well as Gone Coon, when he gave him 3 lbs. and ran him to three-quarters of a length, and not so well as Bumptious, whom he beat by a neck at 11 lbs. Then we had already seen Bumptious run Peter Flower to a neck, Peter Flower run Orvieto to half a length, Orvieto beaten a length and a half by Haute Saône, and Haute Saône beaten a head by the aforesaid Flodden Field, when attempting to give him 4 lbs. and sex.

On Tuesday last, at the Newmarket First October Meeting, the Twelfth Great Foal Stakes had a list of entries including some of the best three-year-olds of the season, and, according to the conditions of the penalties for winners, the weights had the appearance of a very badly-framed handicap. Morion, who had beaten Blue Green by two lengths, was put down to give him no weight, while Alloway, who had finished far behind Blue Green for the St. Leger, was made to give him 5 lbs. We merely mention this to show that a weight-for-age race, with penalties and allowances, is far from insuring a satisfactory adjustment of the weights. The pace was slow, and Morion, instead of winning by two lengths, won by only a head from Blue Green. As he is to give Blue Green 9 lbs. for the Cambridgeshire, his prospects for that race are materially altered. Orion, although only fourth for the Lancashire Plate, under the circumstances already described, had 3 to 1 laid on him for the Buckenham Stakes. His only opponent was the Duke of Portland's Koorali, an own sister

to Semolina, that was running in public for the first time. Orion won, "pulling double," by a length. Gold seemed much the best of the competitors for the Triennial Produce Stakes, and the course, of something over two miles, was exactly suited to him. The odds of 3 to 1 were laid on him again, and he, too, won easily by a length. The second in the race was Lord Penrhyn's fine, lengthy filly, Carmine. The favourite for the Boscawen Post Stakes was Simonetta, who had beaten Gone Coon by a neck for the Berkshire Plate of 1,024*l.* at Windsor in August, but had finished last of all for the Lancashire Plate. She now finished last again, the race being won by Mr. H. Milner's Valauris, a backward brother to Seabreeze. He is a chestnut, with a good deal of white, and he was running his first race in public. He has plenty of size and power, but at present he is very fat, and it is difficult to prophesy what he may be like when he shall have fined down.

On Wednesday one of the most interesting races was the Great Eastern Railway Handicap, which had been well made; but, like certain other large handicaps just at this season, it suffered to some extent from the approaching Cambridgeshire. Semolina was the favourite; but she ran badly, and L'Abbé Morin and Bel Demonio, two three-year-olds, to both of which she was giving a stone, ran a dead heat. Colonel North's Arturo, a winner of two races this month, and the fifth to Mardi Gras for the Lancashire Nursery, had the highest weight to carry for the Second Nursery Handicap. Lady Eveline and Aurora, who ran first and second, were each receiving 37 lbs. from him. The Prince of Wales seemed to have a fair chance of winning a sweepstakes with Nandine, who had already won a race for him at Newmarket in July. She appeared to be winning in the Abingdon Bottom, but she was beaten on the hill, and the race was won by Swanton, the first four being only separated by heads. Among the entries for the Sixth Zetland Plate was Mr. N. Fenwick's Mimi, who was considered by many critics the finest two-year-old filly that had been out this season. Her only previous race had been the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood, which she had won very easily. Mr. H. Milner's Gavotte had won two races, been placed three times, and unplaced once. Only 6 to 5 was laid on Mimi; but she won in a common canter by a couple of lengths. It is said that she does not run nearly so well in private as in public. For the Hopeful Stakes the favourite was Mr. D. Baird's Phyllida, the winner of the Badminton Foal Plate at Leicester, a race for which Ceres had run better, and Queen of the Fairies quite as well, at the weights. Among her opponents was Mr. Warren de la Rue's Sweetest, who had cost 1,700 guineas as a yearling. Although she was giving Sweetest 7 lbs., odds were laid upon Phyllida, and she won, after a sharp contest, by half a length. Morion was entered for the Forty-second Triennial; but he did not start, and Martagon, with 20 to 1 laid on him, won his first victory in a canter.

Mr. Rose's Handicap was run on Thursday. Such a race was pretty certain to be injured by the Cesarewitch, as a large number of the horses entered for the former were entered also for the latter. In the future, if run for at the same date, this race may sometimes have an important bearing on the betting for the Cesarewitch, even if many of the horses entered should be reserved for the more ancient handicap. The race was won by Mr. E. Lascelles's Queen's Birthday, who has now won six races out of seven this season. He gave 27 lbs. to Chevy Chase, the winner of a Welter Plate at Croydon, who ran second.

THE OLD RECORDS OF THE INDIA OFFICE.

THE July number of the *Journal of Indian Art* contains photographic reproductions of some important historical documents connected with the history of the East India Company. These reproductions, on account of the artistic skill and finish with which they are done, will be of value to all lovers of art, and on account of the matter they contain of importance to the historian. This number owes its birth to the interest which has of late years been aroused in the old records of the late Honourable East India Company. The history of the Company who made conquests far surpassing in magnitude those of Cortes and Pizarro, and founded an empire far greater than the one over which the Roman eagle held sway, remains yet to be written. Materials are not lacking for this romantic tale, for the men who founded the Empire have left behind a careful record of how the foundation-stones of the stately fabric were laid. Court books, factory diaries, consultations, and books of general correspondence give us a broad and continuous narrative of its erection. The old custodians of these priceless historical materials, however, never appreciated their worth, and many of them have been lost and destroyed or sold as waste-paper. In 1859 and in 1860 over 300 tons of documents were sold, and in 1867 a further destruction of books and papers took place. The original manuscript of the eight voyages commanded by Captain Saris was purchased by a bookseller at Bristol, and is now in the topographical depot of the War Office. One of the first persons to appreciate the historical value of the old records was Sir George Birdwood, and, having drawn the attention of the authorities to their value, he was asked to classify some of them, and he did the work with the thoroughness for which he is distinguished. His "Report on the Old Records of the India Office" is a rich mine of geographical and historical knowledge.

The good work begun by him has been continued by Mr. Danvers, the present Superintendent of Records in the India Office, who has classified and numbered many thousand documents. At the time that Sir George Birdwood was working at the records of the India Office, Professor Forrest was engaged in the task of examining the ancient muniments belonging to the Bombay Government. He called the attention of Government to the fact that ancient documents of great value were lying in dark, damp offices, liable at any moment to be destroyed by fire. The Bombay Government has put an end to the scandal by erecting a handsome and commodious receptacle for their records. Lists of all the ancient documents in the India Office are being prepared, and similar lists are to be prepared at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. It will be impossible, however, to prepare a list at Calcutta until all the documents scattered among the Record Offices of the different departments are collected in one central office and examined, for Calcutta, unlike Bombay and Madras, has at present no central office. When the lists at Whitehall and in India have been drawn up, then the future historian of our Indian Empire will know what materials are at his command. Then will be the proper time to calendar the more important papers. At present it would be premature, and probably lead to waste of money. Twenty years ago some of the East India papers were calendared by Mr. Sainsbury, of the Record Office. His volumes are monuments of careful research and accurate scholarship; but since they were printed many fresh papers dealing with the period have been discovered, and they are no longer complete guides to the student of history. To calendar all the important papers in the India Office in the same manner in which they were done by Mr. Sainsbury would take half a century, and the cost would be prohibitive. In India, where clerical labour is cheap, the work can be done without incurring any great outlay. It is right that, by publications of selections from their State Papers, the Government of India should aid students of Indian history in Europe. But the India Office is easily accessible to all students. Calendars are useful to those who wish to reap the fruits of other men's labours; but the real historian loves to labour at the records himself.

The *Journal of Indian Art* affords a striking example how unsafe it would be at present to calendar on an extensive scale the ancient muniments preserved in the India Office. The *Journal* gives us facsimiles of some of the charters granted to the old East India Company. Eight organic charters were granted; but only the fourth, fifth, and seventh remain at the India Office. Sir George Birdwood, in the interesting commentary which he has supplied to the illustrations, writes:—"The first and second exist only as copies, and of the third and sixth nothing is known. Of the minor charters, a large number are to be found at the India Office; but many also are lost to sight. It is not likely that any of the missing muniments have actually perished. They are assuredly lying hid somewhere, and most probably in other Government offices; and a systematic search should now be made for them, and above all for the Charter of Elizabeth." In the absence of the last-named charter we are given a fine impression of the Old Company's arms, which must be regarded as one of the earliest relics of the great Company. In the "Court Minutes" of the Company, under date of the 1st of May, 1601, occurs the Minute:—"A warraunt is geiven to Alderman Hollyday, Treasurer, to paye to the Kyng of Heraldes the somme of Twentie Merkes for assigninge a Armes to the Companie by vertue of his office." Under date of the 12th January, 1601, the Company ordered their "Common Seale," and an impression of the same is promised in a future number of the *Journal*. One of the most interesting illustrations in the present number is a facsimile of the sketch-map of the island and harbour of Bombay, appended to the account of the bombardment of Bombay by the Dutch and English, in 1626, to be found in the journal of David Davies, of the *Discovery*. This account, together with that of John Vian, also of the *Discovery*, and of Andrew Warden, of the *William*, is given at length in the reprint of Sir George Birdwood's "Report on the Old Records of the India Office." It is due to the labour and research of the officials of the India Office that these accounts and this sketch map have now for the first time been brought to light, after being in the shadow of oblivion for over two hundred years. They are of great importance to the historical student, because they antedate the direct connexion of the English with Bombay by thirty-five years. Plate 17A is a facsimile of the Grant of Arms, dated 13th October, 1698, to the "New Company," and these were the arms used by the *United Company* or "Honourable East India Company." "It was under the old arms," Sir George Birdwood writes, "with sea-lions for supporters, that the London Company opened up the navigation and commerce of the Indian Ocean to English enterprise; and it was under the new arms of the English Company, with land-lions for supporters, that the *United Company* effected the conquest of British India. The change of arms, and particularly of the predominant colours from blue to red, marks the transformation of the Company from a mercantile Corporation into a military Power." The last plate is a facsimile reproduction of the Resolutions of the Court of Directors of the Honourable East India Company, dated 24th April, 1799, thanking "the Right Honourable Rear-Admiral Lord Nelson" for his "ever-memorable Victory obtained over the French near the mouth of the Nile on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of August, 1798," and presenting him with 10,000*l.*; and Nelson's reply to the same, dated from the "Foudroyant," Bay of Naples, 3rd July, 1799." Nelson

in his reply states that, "having in my younger days served in the East Indies, I am no stranger to the munificence of the Honble. Company." Further research, we trust, among the old records of the India Office will throw light on Nelson's services in the East Indies. The *Journal of Indian Art* also contains some fine illustrations of the old East India House, from which a great Empire was founded and ruled with justice and vigour. Every patriotic Englishman must take an interest in the growth of that Empire which De Tocqueville considered the greatest achievement of the English race, and every document which illustrates that wonderful growth must be of importance. The energy and courage of old, we believe, do still exist, and the spirit of empire is not dead. The circulation of a work like the present number of the *Journal of Indian Art* tends to keep it alive. The *Journal* is valuable, not only for what it contains, but as an example of the value of the old records in the India Office and the different secretariats in India.

SALMON.

THE boxes of salmon which have arrived in London this year are 178 fewer than those which arrived last year. Judging from that simple fact, one might imagine either that the London demand for salmon had decreased or that the supply had become less approximately equal to the demand. There is a superficial plausibility in the first hypothesis. There can be no doubt that salmon is not so much a "feature" of London dinner-tables as it used to be. The Southerners have discovered that, in order to be enjoyed in its best estate, salmon has to be eaten three or four hours after it has quitted the water. If it is "fresh-run," the fish has then a crispness and a "curdiness" which make it quite equal to the whiting or the sole; but, as it is rarely eaten in town within less than twelve hours after its capture, the value of the salmon is to Londoners mainly imaginary. Indeed, if it were not for the honour and glory of eating fish at one and sixpence a pound, London in the season might as well be eating cod or haddock at fourpence. That, however, is not the point. It is not because London has discovered the futility of the salmon on its dinner-tables that this year it has consumed 178 boxes fewer than it consumed in 1889. It is because the supplies have become attenuated. This fact is clearly brought out in the statistics, the sum of which we have mentioned. If London wanted less salmon than it used to consume, it would have lessened its orders to all the countries which produce the fish; but that is not what it has done. The supplies from Ireland, Berwick, and Sweden have increased; the supplies from Scotland, England, Norway, and Holland have decreased. Most of us who have plied the rod know that the Norwegian salmon as a rule are not equal to the British; but, that fact apart, it is clear from the generalities we have mentioned that London is eating fewer salmon simply because it has fewer salmon to eat.

That seems to be a very serious conclusion. Some epicures may be of opinion that salmon is not equal to turbot or John Dory or mullet; but it is of great economic importance that the supply of salmon, like the supply of any other harmless thing, should always be equal to the demand. Why is it not equal this year? That is a question which might be answered in various plausible ways. It might be said that salmon this year have been scarce because of the selfishness of the "lower proprietors." These are the worthy gentlemen whose estates skirt the reaches which are nearest to the sea. The "upper proprietors" say that, inasmuch as the fish is born in no part of the river in particular, and least of all in the lower reaches, it is absurd that all the harvest should be reaped by the "lower proprietors." This argument does seem not unreasonable in itself; for to the mind of the theological Scot it is righteous that a man should reap where he sows as well as "as he sows." Still, it is open to us to observe that the most hyperborean Sheriff would disallow the plea as irrelevant. That "the harvest of the sea" sown in the upper waters should be almost exclusively reaped by the gentleman who happens to be the lower proprietor is according to neither rhyme nor reason, and still more in defiant discord with the counsels of perfection which have vocalized themselves in the hue-and-cry against "betterment;" but it does not account for the falling-off in the market-supply of salmon. This is obvious when we think of the simple fact that the number of boxes which the "lower proprietor" sends South, in the result of his excessive netting, is great exactly in proportion to the rate at which he has curtailed the harvest of the "upper proprietors." When such and such a river sends fewer boxes to London, the explanation is not to be found in the fact that such and such a Duke has intercepted the fish on their way to the high-lying lairds. The Duke has only in that act been arranging to send to market the very salmon which, if he had let them up, would have been sent by the lairds themselves.

It is clear, then, that the falling-off in the yield of salmon is not wholly due to the rapacity of the lower proprietor. That person, however, is not to be altogether absolved. It is quite obvious that, while by his own right hand he nets as many salmon as the upper proprietors might have netted if the fish had been allowed a free run, the immediate market supply will be as great as it would have been if he had netted none at all; but that is an academic proposition, a proposition subject to certain modifying considerations. If the salmon were allowed "free fish and entry" into the rivers, they would, having escaped the lower

proprietor, not be netted by his neighbours "up the water." It is a point of honour on salmon rivers that no riparian proprietor other than the lowest shall use the net at all. They catch the fish; but they do so with the rod only, and all the rods that could possibly be called to the task could not in a week kill as many fish as the net will take in a single lucky haul. Therefore, there cannot be any doubt that in course of time the deeds of the lower proprietor do cause the market supply of migratory fish to fall off. In any given year he can by ruthless netting capture as many salmon as could possibly be caught by all his upper neighbours together; but he gradually and rapidly diminishes the stock. If such a process were carried on for a few years, the stock would be reduced to the comparatively few fish which run up to spawn after the net season has closed and the rod season has begun; and it is conceivable that in the event of an abnormally early flood bringing all the salmon from the sea he could, by catching them all, render the river completely barren, for only those fish which are born in a river go back into it to spawn. All this is plain; but it does not completely solve the question. The lower proprietor who nets excessively is the exception, not the rule. He really ought to "tak' thocht an' mend"; but he is not the only offender in the case. There is also the manufacturer who pollutes the stream on which his mill happens to be situate, in complete assurance that in doing so he will commend himself to "the masses"; also, there is he who, being too much "a nature's gentleman" to do any honest work, poaches, and whines when the law awards him half the penalty he deserves and has incurred. The poacher who destroys and the manufacturer who pollutes are not less traitorous to the community which applauds their hypocrisy than the agitator who subjects the whole community to the contingency of starving by inviting the labourers to strike unanimously. It is a fact, as any one may see by examining the current valuation rolls, that land under running water bearing fish of the salmon kind is fully four times more valuable than land under agriculture. Therefore, poachers and polluters are enemies of the people.

MR. THOMAS ARNOLD AND THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

IN the *Academy* of August 23 Mr. Thomas Arnold published a long letter complaining of our review of the *Memorials of St. Edmund's Abbey*, vol. i., lately edited by him for the series of *Chronicles and Memorials*. He assumed that, because we do not admit correspondence into our columns, it would have been useless for him to address a letter to us. This was a mistake; we are always ready to attend to reasonable complaints and to remedy any injustice of which we may have inadvertently been guilty. A note appended to our impression of August 30 explains the reason of our delay in replying to Mr. Arnold's complaints. His letter seems to show that he has somewhat misinterpreted the purport of our review. It was, as we surely pointed out plainly enough, not so much to give an account of what he had or had not done in the volume before us, as to illustrate from certain features in his work the need of providing the series to which it belongs with a competent editorial authority. In view of the large number of valuable materials for our history which the director has not as yet been able to print for lack of funds, we insisted that the greatest discretion should be used in the selection of matter for the volumes generally, and specially with respect to the admission of chronicles and the like that are already printed. What is the case here? Mr. Arnold's chief complaint against us is that we said that the larger part of his book had been previously printed. His answer is that he has printed five principal pieces, and that only three of them had been printed before. Are three-fifths, then, less than two-fifths? To come to particulars; his texts occupy in all 377 pages. Of these no fewer than 127 pages are taken up with a reprint of the well-known *Chronicle of Jocelin de Brakelond*, already excellently edited for the Camden Society, 67 with Hermann's *De Miraculis*, and 25 with Abbo's *Passio Sti Edmundi*. A small part of Hermann's book was printed by Martene from, as Mr. Arnold says, a Paris MS.; the remainder, which contains some valuable matter, has lately been admirably edited by Dr. Liebermann; Abbo's *Passio* is in a volume of the *Patrologia*. Of Mr. Arnold's 377 pages of text, then, 219 pages contain matter already printed, and the contents of 194, not reckoning the part of the *De Miraculis* given by Martene, may be found in easily accessible volumes. We do not see that we were wrong in saying that the larger part of his book had already appeared in print. Mr. Arnold had no ground for assuming that we disapproved of the reprinting of Abbo's *Passio*. He says that Bishop Stubbs advised him to include it in his book. We have the deepest respect for the Bishop's judgment on such a question. Candidly, however, we think that, as the work can be had in a volume of the *Patrologia*, and there is much else to be done, there was no urgent need to reprint it at present. But as far as space is concerned it is a trifling matter. Mr. Arnold is right in saying that Gaufridus de Fontibus *De Infantia* is not in Migne's *Patrologia*. Our assertion was a clerical error, for which we hereby express our regret. We intended to note that Mr. Arnold had reprinted Abbo's *Passio*, which is in the *Patrologia*; and we had something, which immediately follows in our review, to say about his suggestion as to the name De Fontibus. We unfortunately jumbled our two sentences together.

The next paragraph in our review was concerned with some matters which led us to the opinion that it would have been well if Mr. Arnold's work had, before publication, been submitted to competent supervision. He is pleased to speak of our remarks as "minor criticisms," dealing with unimportant points. About many of them he says that we are wrong, and about all of them unfair. If it is really no difference who was the mother of Geoffrey, Archbishop of York, why did Mr. Arnold devote a footnote to informing his readers that she was Fair Rosamond? Apart, however, from the intrinsic interest of anything that concerns Archbishop Geoffrey, or, indeed, the story of Fair Rosamond, we cannot allow that a point that has a bearing on the private life of Henry II. and his matrimonial affairs is without importance. Can Mr. Arnold maintain that the repetition of a modern and completely exploded fable is creditable to a volume of the *Chronicles and Memorials*? Walter Map twice tells us the name of Geoffrey's mother. Is it pleasant that foreign historians should see that one of a body representing, as they have a right to imagine, the present state of English scholarship, is ignorant of so famous a book as the *De Nugis Curialium* belonging as it does to the same period as two of his own authors? Even granting that Walter was a spiteful scandal-monger, and may have told an untruth to be-little the Archbishop, Mr. Arnold should have known that Geoffrey was born before his father came to the throne, while Henry's connexion with Rosamond must be dated at least twenty years later, after he had placed his Queen in confinement in 1173. We are unable to allow that our criticism on this footnote of Mr. Arnold's was either erroneous or unfair. And what has he to say against our remark on another footnote asserting that Rosamond was the mother of William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury? We will not refer him to any recondite source of information on the subject; he is rather severe on a blot in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, let him turn for his instruction to the article on Rosamond Clifford, and, if he wishes to go higher, verify the reference therein given to the preface to Giraldus Cambrensis VII. (Rolls Series). Again, when he wrote that Hugh of Avranches was a cousin of Henry I., had he taken the trouble to investigate the truth of the statement which he copied, to inquire how the relationship could be made out, or when it was first asserted? Can he bring any satisfactory evidence that it existed? We cannot; and we do not think it unfair to say that relationship to the Conqueror or his sons should not be asserted in a volume of this series unless it can be proved, and that if proof can be found it should be given. Mr. Arnold is angry with us for speaking scornfully of a note of his on p. 65 (misprinted 63 in our review); it is appended to Hermann's account of the dispute between Bishop Herfast, or Arfast, and the abbey. The King ordered that the matter should be decided in the English fashion by a shire-moot, and the men of nine shires, having heard the evidence of the aged Ælfwine, abbot of Ramsey, gave their judgment in favour of the abbey. The constitution of the court, and the part taken by the freeholders who attended it in the mixed character of both judges and witnesses, were strictly in accordance with the legal procedure of the time. The president of the assembly was Archbishop Lanfranc, who was sent by the King to obtain the judgment of the shire—"ut intelligeretur comitatus," to which words Mr. Arnold has thought fit to append this translation—"that the feeling of the county might be ascertained," as if the Archbishop had been sent down to "feel the pulse" of the neighbourhood as a guide for the King's action. Now if any one thinks that a note of this kind ought to appear in one of the volumes of the Rolls series, his idea of appropriateness and ours must be widely different. We said, and we think it neither erroneous nor unfair to say, that a general editor who knew his business would have struck this note out. We said that Mr. Arnold seemed to us to write confusedly on the subject of monastic exemptions. To this he replies that we indulge in "idle verbiage," and know nothing of the matter, propositions to which we naturally demur. We still think that an uninformed reader of p. xxxi. of his preface might be led to confuse simple non-exemption with the position of a Cathedral abbey, where the bishop had far greater power than arose from his ordinary right of jurisdiction. He blames us for attributing to him too high an opinion of the advantages of the system of monastic exemptions. Our remark was grounded on the sentence in the page of his preface referred to above beginning "While at Westminster the exemption of the abbey from episcopal control resulted in the peaceful and glorious history," &c. He now explains that he believes that "an exemption was sometimes a good, sometimes a bad thing." It is a pity that he did not say so in his book, though even had he done so we should, we imagine, still be at issue with him. The question is not about this or that ecclesiastical exemption, but about the effect in this country of the system according to which many monasteries were exempt from episcopal jurisdiction, and we hold that this system, besides being harmful to many of the communities to which it was applied, was injurious to the interests of the Church of England and of the nation, for it conduced to throw the weight of the monastic houses on the side of Rome at a time when the Papacy was making aggressions on the liberties of our National Church, and when the State, which was assuming a national character, was active in its opposition to Papal pretensions. We are not sure whether Mr. Arnold means to complain of our notice of some incomplete references which appear in his volume. We assure him that we could add to those quoted in our review. Although we spoke of this as a small matter, we

are on second thoughts inclined to lay some stress upon it. If we turn to a volume of Public Records edited for one of the French State departments, or to a volume of the *Chronicles* published by the Société de l'Histoire de France, we do not find any such marks of slovenliness. We ought not to find them here in a volume published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and produced, we venture to say, at greater expense than any of the publications to which we have referred. After a careful consideration of Mr. Arnold's letter, we are still of opinion that his volume, though it has some good points, will not enhance the reputation of the series to which it belongs, and that it presents some features which seem to bear out the contention that the series should be placed under the supervision of a capable general editor or of an editorial committee.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE new Government is working hard to sustain the credit of the Argentine Republic. According to the telegram from Buenos Ayres this week ex-President Roca, at present Minister of the Interior, one of the most influential public men in the Republic, has stated that the Government has decided to provide the sums necessary for the payment of the interest on the provincial as well as the national loans. It is difficult to believe that this statement is well founded. The provinces, like the States of the United States, are independent. Each has its own Government and its own Legislature, and each borrows upon the strength of its own credit. If the federation assumes liability for all the provincial debt, it will undoubtedly engage in a very hazardous kind of business. It will increase enormously its own liabilities, and, unless it limits the borrowing power of the provinces, it in a sense becomes responsible before the world for the extravagance and maladministration of the several provinces. Besides it would seem to be time enough to come to the assistance of the provinces when the National Government has made sure of being able to keep all its own engagements. Only last month it was obliged to ask Congress for authority to issue 60 million dollars of legal-tender paper in order to save the National Bank, the National Mortgage Bank, and City of Buenos Ayres from immediate bankruptcy. In his message to Congress the Finance Minister frankly admitted that the proposal was merely intended to stave off difficulties; but he pleaded that there was no alternative, that the National Bank was so entirely without funds that it was unable to pay the cheques drawn upon it by the Government against deposits it was supposed to hold for the Government, and the Municipality of Buenos Ayres had to pay ten or eleven millions of dollars immediately, and had no funds with which to do so. It would seem to be very rash to take over the debts of the provinces when the capital of the Republic and the Government's own State Bank and State Mortgage Bank are practically bankrupt, and have to be financed by the Government. Besides, the Finance Minister proposes at the same time to Congress to authorize the negotiation of a loan in Europe for 20 millions of dollars, or 4 millions sterling, and to permit the Government to sell the Four and a Half per Cent. Bonds, which are supposed to have been handed to the founders of the free banks which were established in such numbers all over the Republic. These proposals virtually admit that the Government itself has no means of keeping faith with its creditors unless it is accommodated by the great European financial houses that have hitherto always assisted it. No doubt, if the great houses are prepared to find the money, it will be possible for the National Government to pay, not only the interest upon its own debt, but also that upon the provincial debts. But it seems very questionable, indeed, whether the great financial houses will carry their complaisance so far as that. Of course it is their business to lend money, and to act as intermediaries between the foreign Governments and investors, and if the Argentine Government has really good security to offer, there is no limit to the accommodation which they will be ready to give it. But then it is notorious that the Argentine Government has not good security sufficient to warrant money enough being advanced to it to pay the interest upon all the provincial debt as well as upon its own.

In the meantime the later reports all are to the effect that political agitation is quieting down, and that the provinces are acquiescing in the change of government. When the last mail left Buenos Ayres the political excitement in the interior was causing grave disquietude. The provinces had for a long time imposed their will upon Buenos Ayres, and they did not seem at all willing to accept a revolution which was carried by Buenos Ayres alone. Fortunately, ex-President Roca has great influence with the provinces as well as with the army. He has been able to induce or compel the Governor of Cordoba to resign, and, apparently, he and his colleagues have overcome the threatened opposition in the other provinces; but, while the political situation has undoubtedly improved, the economical condition appears to be deteriorating. When the last mail left Buenos Ayres it was believed that the wool-clip would be the largest in the history of the country. And, though it was too early to speak with any confidence respecting the cereal crops, very confident hopes were entertained. Now it is reported that the provinces are suffering greatly from drought, and that sheep and cattle are dying in large numbers. Doubtless the drought

will also affect the crops; and, if there should be a very serious loss of sheep and cattle and a bad harvest at a time like the present, the consequences cannot fail to be serious indeed. The debts incurred by the owners of houses and lands are enormous, and under the most favourable circumstances it is not possible to believe that the interest and sinking-fund stipulated can be paid. The difficulties of the farmers, however, will be enormously increased if drought should sweep away a large proportion of the flocks and herds and injure the crops. And the political consequences of the drought may likewise be serious. If the agricultural classes are thrown into distress, they may blame the new Government for their misfortunes, and a counter-revolution may be attempted. Possibly it is the desire to spare the taxpayers as much as possible that is inducing the Government to contemplate, if it is not resolved upon, paying the interest upon the provincial debts. It knows that its own credit will suffer if the provinces make default. But some of the provinces clearly cannot keep faith with their creditors. They have borrowed entirely beyond their powers of repayment, and sooner or later they must declare themselves insolvent, unless the National Government comes to their assistance. Even wealthier and more advanced provinces will find it for some time extremely difficult to meet their engagements. In endeavouring to do so they may have to press so heavily upon the taxpayers as to raise popular resistance, and the National Government may, therefore, seriously think that it will be better to pay the interest upon the provincial debt for a little while than either to risk political disturbance or the discredit which would follow default. Of course, by doing so it would increase its own liabilities, and therefore add to the burdens upon the taxpayers in the long run; but it would defray the interest, in the first place, of the borrowed money, and, in the second place, it is apparently contemplating heavy protectionist duties, which would not be directly felt by the taxpayers as an increase of taxation would be, and might be represented to be a protection of native industry.

On Thursday the Directors of the Bank of England raised their rate of discount from 4 per cent.—to which they had reduced it five weeks previously—to 5 per cent. As on Tuesday and Wednesday they had been discounting at 4½ per cent., and lending to all but their own regular customers at 5 per cent., the City was prepared for the change, and when it came it was rather felt as a relief. Rumours had been circulating for two days before that a large house in the South American trade was in difficulties. The failure of the Cape of Good Hope Bank on Saturday last, following close upon another bank failure in Cape Town, had raised anxieties concerning South African business, and the large shipments of gold began to make the City very apprehensive. During the week ended Wednesday night over half a million was withdrawn from the Bank for export, and in the three weeks ended Wednesday night nearly 1½ million had been exported. The stock of gold was thus brought down to 21 millions, and it was feared that it might be much further reduced, for it was known that there were to be other shipments to South America and Egypt, while the bank failures in South Africa rendered it almost imperative upon the South African banks to increase their reserves. In fact, after the rate was raised to 5 per cent. on Thursday, there were further withdrawals to the amount of 350,000*l*. The Bank did a good business again on Thursday, charging 6 per cent. for loans and 5½ per cent. for discounts to all but its regular customers. In the outside market little business was done, and rates varied a good deal. Foreign bankers took bills at about 4½ per cent., while most English brokers demanded 4½ per cent.

The price of silver fell on Tuesday to 52*d*. per ounce, a fall of one penny in a single day, while in three weeks the fall has been very nearly 5 per cent. We pointed out last week the causes of the weakness in the silver market, which has been so very apparent since the beginning of this month. Speculation in New York has been carried too far, and many speculators have been disabled from continuing their operations by the money stringency. India is buying little, and other countries are not buying at all, and the price consequently is giving way. It is possible that now ease has returned to the New York money market there may be a recovery, but even so it is not likely that it will be maintained. The production of the metal is stimulated by the rise in price, while the consumption is checked, and thus the supply in the market is steadily exceeding the demand. No doubt the difficulties of speculators in silver have contributed to increase the monetary stringency, as they have also helped to depress the stock markets in New York.

The stock markets have been exceedingly dull this week. The Fortnightly Settlement began on Tuesday, and in the morning borrowers were able to obtain all the loans they wanted at 4½ per cent. The carrying-over rates, too, were fairly moderate; but about midday it was found that the Bank of England would not lend at less than 5 per cent., while it was charging 4½ per cent. for discounts. The joint-stock and private banks immediately, therefore, raised their own rates, and in some cases showed an unwillingness to make advances at all. All at once the feeling of the market became quite pessimist, and there was a decline in almost every department. Rumours began to circulate that failures were imminent, that the Bank-rate on Thursday would go to 5 per cent., and that large amounts of gold would be withdrawn for South Africa and elsewhere. The uneasy feeling continued on Wednesday, and prices dropped further. The main causes of the alarm this week are the revival of apprehension

respecting the Argentine Republic, and the failure of the Cape of Good Hope Bank. Both on Tuesday and on Wednesday there were rumours that some South American houses were in difficulties, and it is feared that large amounts of gold will have to be sent to South Africa in consequence of the banking difficulties there. At the end of July the Union Bank of Cape Town suspended payment, in consequence partly of forgeries practised upon it, and partly of having engaged in utterly bad business to an extraordinary extent. In fact, the bank was utterly mismanaged. Ever since confidence in the Cape of Good Hope Bank has been declining. It was suspected of having lent far too largely upon land and mining properties, which have depreciated greatly during the past year and a half. It was reported, also, that some of its largest shareholders were shareholders in the bankrupt Union Bank. A run upon it was the consequence, and it has been compelled to close its doors. It is an old institution, having been founded more than fifty years ago, and has done a large business, which, until now, was supposed to be very profitable. There is a liability of 30*l.* on each share. This suspension, it is feared, may continue the run upon other banks. They will doubtless strengthen their reserves by taking out gold, and will thus weaken the Bank of England. It is not believed that any London houses of importance are much affected by the bankruptcy. But, of course, it will intensify the depression in South Africa. South American securities have also declined on the revival of apprehensions, while there has been a heavy fall in Mexican railway stocks, partly because of the decline in silver, and partly because the speculation in the stocks has been carried too far. Other silver securities have, of course, also given way; and there has been a sharp decline in home railway stocks, chiefly in those of the most speculative kinds, such as North British Deferred and Brighton "A." Generally, however, the opinion of the market just now is that home railway stocks are all too high, considering the probability that money will be dear for the rest of the year, and the certainty that the working expenses will be very heavy. Early in the week American railroad securities continued to decline. On Wednesday, indeed, they were lower, taking them altogether, than they had been before the boom began in New York early in April. On Wednesday afternoon, however, there was some recovery in the market, but it has not been maintained.

MUSICAL MELODRAMA.

IT would be unprofitable to discuss at much length such a piece as Mr. Luscombe Searelle's *Black Rover*, which is now occupying the stage of the Globe Theatre. The work is called a "melodramatic opera," in accordance with the modern mania for descriptive titles, a fashion now carried to extremes for no good purpose. So far as we are aware, the author of *Dorothy* started the idea. He was pleased to call that production a "comedy opera," though he did not furnish an explanation of the points wherein comic opera and comedy opera were supposed to differ. Having heard a comedy opera, however, Mr. Searelle saw no reason why a melodramatic opera should not be "written and composed," for, according to accepted stage parlance, writing applies to the book, and composition to the music. Mr. Searelle was qualified for the task by a certain rough comprehension of stage effect, and the gift of composing a score of occasional modest tunefulness, if of doubtful originality; he is disqualified for a successful issue by a lack of imagination, an inability to write fresh dialogue or verse, and a facility of recollection rather than of invention in the music. The foundation of his story is the legend of the Flying Dutchman, for the *Black Rover* is Vanderdecken with a difference; but there are comic characters as well as tragic, also characters which begin by being comic and end with no discernible character at all, and on the whole the result is too perplexing to be effective. Melodramatic opera seems to be very much like comic opera. Short-skirted choristers appear in the opening with song and dance of the familiar kind; a ragged servant enters and gives himself out to be a nobleman; but soon we find slaves in the Cuban plantation, where the scene is laid, threatening revolt, and then we are taken to the sea-shore, and discover a comic overseer and a sentimental hero, who would be a tenor if he had the voice he should have, digging for treasure hidden by pirates, of whom the *Black Rover* is chief. The mechanical change which makes the gloomy rock suddenly alive with pirates when the treasure is about to be revealed is cleverly contrived; but it is on board the pirate ship, in the second act, that we begin to learn what melodramatic opera is. We observe that one of the critics has shied at the question of a pirate chief's ethics, and his caution is wise. The point is, what happens to a pirate, doomed to the utmost misery the immortal powers can inflict, if he does not keep his oaths? The *Black Rover* has sworn to kill all who come into his once remorseless clutches; but he is a somewhat weak and lachrymose villain, for he tells his victims that he longs to spare their lives, but cannot, because of his oath—a position of affairs which suggests comic developments; indeed, there is a far-off savour of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *Pirate of Penzance* about Mr. Searelle's ill-fated Buccaneer.

We are, however, devoting more time to the piece than it deserves, for criticism has little to do with such works as this. They serve a certain purpose in amusing the casual

spectator who finds here a song and there a dance that entertain him; but the domain of art is never reached. Mr. Searelle's music, it must be admitted, now and then displays some sort of promise, not of anything at all brilliant, but we detect a faint apprehension of dramatic requirements—perceived, but not fulfilled. The only original stroke in the opera is the character of a half-witted mariner called Chichanague. In the hands of Mr. Shiel Barry this is made a really remarkable figure. Chichanague's mania is a belief that he is the wisest, handsomest, and strongest man in the world, and of an age varying from one to five hundred years. It is easy to imagine the part being made ineffably stupid; but Mr. Shiel Barry's fierce intensity, his complete abstraction and unconsciousness of surroundings, give a peculiar vividness to the study. There is some comicality about Mr. John Le Hay's Dutch overseer, and Miss Effie Chapuy fills a small part brightly and pleasantly; but, on the whole, the representation is not better than the piece deserves. Miss Blanche Fenton strives somewhat ineffectually as the heroine, who is seized by the pirates and saved from death by singing the song the hearing of which releases the *Black Rover* from the spell that binds him. Mr. Ludwig mistakes noise for power. If volume of sound made the singer, Taurus the Bull would be the prince of vocalists. Mr. Ludwig is at times almost as loud as Taurus, and, when he is so, not much more musical; and this is sad, because he can sing well when he is not bent on exhibiting the full capacity of his lungs. The part written for a tenor here is essayed by a baritone, for whom the music is always about a tone and a half too high. A detail worthy of praise is the appearance and demeanour of the pirate crew. Their lapses into immobility, and their unkempt, haggard looks are striking.

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

M. ALPHONSE DAUDET as a writer of fiction, sombre or gay, is admittedly a master of his craft; as a dramatist, however, he must be classed, albeit with reluctance, among the catalogue of brilliant failures. His own version of *Sapho* at the Gymnase had as its principal interpreters Mme. Jane Hading and the late M. Damala, yet it was hardly, if at all, more than a *succès d'estime*, while *La Lutte pour la Vie*, with Mme. Pasca and the exceptionally versatile M. Marais in the leading parts, enjoyed scarcely more than a month's run. It is not the fault of Messrs. Buchanan and Horner that the adaptation of *La Lutte pour la Vie*, which they produced at the Avenue Theatre on Thursday evening, under the title of *The Struggle for Life*, is not a very satisfactory piece of stage-work; indeed it is their misfortune, for the united strength of all the dramatists in Christendom would fail to make an attractive play out of the original materials provided by M. Daudet. To begin with, the French author's title was a complete misnomer, inasmuch as the most careful eye or ear fails to detect any actual struggle for existence throughout the piece. What we see is a young gentleman, minus a conscience, animated by the selfsame principles as those which governed the notorious individual whom M. Mermeix has been so industriously "showing up" of late. M. Paul Astier, the brilliant member of the Chamber, has married the Duchesse Padovani, has made ducks and drakes of her money, and then seeks to get rid of her in order that he may marry the wealthy Mlle. Esther de Sélény; between whiles he has betrayed a poor girl, Lydie Vaillant, the daughter of a postmaster at Mousseaux, where the château of Madame la Duchesse is situated, and where all the action of the piece passes. His only chance of still further improving his position is by getting his wife to divorce him by means of a collusive suit, and then wedding the fascinating Esther, who, on her part, is anything but fearful of being pointed at as the future partner of a *divorcé*. But, unfortunately, Mme. Paul Astier, Duchesse Padovani, fails to see matters in the same light, and firmly declines to free her inconstant husband from the matrimonial chains; whereupon the hero of the Chamber, with whose eloquent speeches all Paris is ringing, determines to rid himself of his spouse by the aid of aconite. Why he could not have been shown to be in possession of the "little phial," with which all playgoers are now so well acquainted, under some other circumstance than in his shirt-sleeves and his dressing-room, it is somewhat difficult to imagine; but after all this is a mere detail, and so unreal, so improbable is most of the action, that even the Gilbertian "young lady of fifteen" (if she be still in the land of the living) must be cognizant that something or somebody will prevent M. Astier from giving his much-tried wife the potion. And so it is; for even as the rash man is toying with the little bottle in the aforesaid dressing-room, there enters the Duchesse, who would be blind indeed did she fail to see the trap which her husband is bent upon laying for her. See it of course she does; but she keeps her own counsel, and smiles upon him with the shrewdness of a female Iago. Paul Astier soon gets his chance—villains generally do on the stage—and what so natural as that the Duchesse, in order to give him an abundance of that rope which he seems so anxious to put round his own neck, should simulate faintness one night when they "have a few friends," and should, moreover, so manoeuvre that Paul, though not much of a believer in Providence, must have imagined that everything was working with him and for him. He has, however, a rude awakening; for the Duchesse, taking in her hand the glass of poisoned water, which M. Astier brings her when they

are alone, raises it to her lips and makes believe that she is about to drink it, "well knowing" (to borrow the language of the charge-sheet) "the same to have been poisoned." She, in her turn, is surprised when her husband, just as he imagines in the nick of time, implores her not to drink the water; a betrayal of weakness on his part which evokes some withering comments on hers.

With the adjuration "May God forgive you as I do!" (or words to that effect) the third act closes, and the Duchesse disappears, never more to be heard of, save through the medium of a paragraph on the front page of the *Figaro*, which in the fourth and last act some one reads out, and from which we learn that the much-talked-of divorce is about to be, or has actually been, obtained, thus leaving M. Astier free to marry the wealthy lady on whom he has had so long his eye. Just when affairs are looking their brightest, however, they are really at their worst. Nemesis is on the track of the "struggle-for-life," and first one Ydrine ("a painter and sculptor"—very Ouida-like in name, in person, and in manners) takes upon himself to inform Esther de Sélény of Paul Astier's perfidy in regard to Lydie, and then Lydie's sweetheart, Antonin Caussade, described as "an analytical chemist," takes his ever-ebbing courage into both hands, denounces M. Astier as infamous (it is odd how the word loses its force on our stage), and then, in good old conventional phrase, shoots him "like a dog."

Such is the plain outline. It is not worthy of much attention, as we have shown; yet the adapters are to be credited not merely with good intentions, but upon the undoubted skill with which they have acquitted themselves of an onerous duty, and, in our opinion, a thankless task. As there is nothing to learn from and but little to admire in the narrative, the production in an English dress of what was admitted, even by the celebrated author's warmest partisans, a French failure, is the more surprising; but, beyond placing that opinion on record, we need not further pursue the un-congenial and thankless theme. In the majority of instances the acting is particularly satisfactory. Few young actors who have attained to the rung of the theatrical ladder on which Mr. George Alexander has taken what it is to be hoped will prove a firm step, would care to be cast for such a rôle as that of Paul Astier, a legislative Don Juan of so mercenary a temperament that one soon comes to regard both him and his sayings with positive loathing. To say that Mr. Alexander infused life-like touches into his part would be ridiculous, since the author, in his singular creation, has not left room for any; but the actor presented us with a most careful and very elaborate study of what we may be perhaps pardoned for characterizing as the Deputy *fin de siècle*—the man whose only thought is of and for himself, who lives for his trumpery ambitions and his *liaisons*. The extraordinary influence which the master-mind of the Lyceum exercises over all his recruits was never more forcibly exemplified than in the case of Mr. Alexander as Paul Astier. Miss Geneviève Ward's Duchesse Padovani had the necessary distinction and grace, nor was there any lack of that vigour with which she has heretofore invested her creations. Her striking and commanding personality is of the utmost service to the piece. Few of those who had previously seen Mr. Frederick Kerr only in light and airy characters could have been prepared for the new departure which he made with signal success in the rôle of the analytical chemist, the victim of nervousness and bashfulness, whose sweetheart has been one of Paul Astier's victims. Mr. Kerr startled the audience by the pathos which he infused into the part and by his dexterous manipulation of the difficult character. Mr. Albert Chevallier's Chemineau was diverting; so was Miss Kate Phillips's Maréchale de Sélény, although we must register a protest against the attempt (M. Daudet is the culprit) to make so much comic capital out of references to the dead. To say the least, it is in extremely bad taste. Miss Alma Stanley and Miss Laura Graves were highly satisfactory, the one as Esther de Sélény and the other as Lydie; Mr. Nutcombe Gould's Postmaster was rugged and forcible; Mr. Ben. Webster's Italian Count was amusing; the custodian of the château was a careful impersonation of the old retainer; and, generally speaking, the cast was very effective. The *mise-en-scène* was fairly good, calling, however, for no special comment. Mr. John Crook's incidental music was charming.

MR. DION BOUCAULT.

IF it cannot be truthfully said that the decease of this celebrated author and actor "eclipsed the gaiety of nations," as, by doubtless pardonable hyperbole, the death of Garrick is averred to have done, there is little doubt but that the event reported from New York at the beginning of this week produced a feeling of general and, for the most part, sincere regret; for we had come to regard him as a typical—perhaps the most typical—personage in all that concerns the theatrical art. Many have been his biographers, diffuse have been the sketches of his long, varied, and preternaturally active career; but we cannot conscientiously say, as is too often the case, that the panegyrics upon, and the eulogies of, Mr. Dion Boucicault have been more flattering in their tone than he in several ways deserved. Those men must be paragons, indeed, who have not their bad as well as their good sides. The author of *The Colleen Bawn* was no exception to the general rule. He had his greatnesses and his littlenesses,

his high aspirations and his *faiblesses*. The first we like to remember and to dwell upon. A list of the plays written by Mr. Boucicault fairly staggers us by its Brobdingnagian proportions; but we have not the slightest intention of inflicting it upon the reader of what is criticism and not recitation. To the playgoing world at large Dion Boucicault is, and will ever be, known as the man whose creative brain gave us *London Assurance*, *The Colleen Bawn*, and *Hunted Down*. Those three pieces alone would have been more than sufficient to endow their author with earned renown; but to those the dramatic historian must add a score of others, many of them remarkable either for originality of plot or characterization of the more talented kind. It was impossible for Dion Boucicault to write anything which was mere banality; his *esprit* and his unfailing good humour, the fruits of his Irish birth before it was too late, saved him from ever descending into the abyss of the ridiculous, even if they never raised him to the heights of the sublime. Above all things a man of the world, it must be said of him, in explanation of some things in the nature of technical absurdities which evoked the condemnation of severe critics, that he frequently introduced incidents and dialogues into his more sporting dramas which he, better than most men of his kind, well knew to be incorrect. What he did designedly and, as some might be tempted to say, wilfully was to invariably act on the principle that, on the stage, accuracy should be sacrificed to effect. His offence was no greater and no less than this; and he cared not a jot or tittle for the harsh criticism meted out to him by those who prided themselves upon possessing a more intimate acquaintance with the points of a horse, and the mysteries which are popularly supposed to environ racing stables, than most of their fellows.

When a leading dramatist, a successful singer, or a prominent actor dies, we are generally told that "a void has been created that will not be easily filled." Yet somehow the void is filled quickly enough, and when the front-rank man is shot down, the rear-rank man steps up with remarkable promptitude to take his place. But in the case of Dion Boucicault the trite saying in question is singularly true. His place, indeed, will not easily be filled. Truth to tell, it was absolutely unique. As a portrayal of Irish character he has only been approached by Mr. Sheil Barry, and as a writer of Irish drama by the late Mr. Edmund Falconer. But the author of *The Peep o' Day* and the famous impersonator of Danny Mann were far behind Boucicault in their respective achievements, although the former scored a greater pecuniary triumph with his romantic play than Boucicault ever attained with any of his most successful works. Curiously enough, although the fame of the deceased dramatist will rest upon his Irish dramas, his two best plays—*London Assurance* and *Hunted Down*—deal entirely with English subjects and with English characters. It is somewhat extraordinary that the latter drama now very rarely sees the light, and is more or less unknown to the modern generation of play-goers. It is brimful of striking situations, and the dialogue could only have come from the pen of a master in his art. The principal part—that of Rawdon Scudamore—was created by Mr. Henry Irving, and the heroine, Mary Leigh, was played in London and the provinces respectively by Miss Herbert (then lessee of the St. James's Theatre) and that gifted actress, the late Miss Maria B. Jones, afterwards "leading lady" at Drury Lane under Mr. Chatterton's management.

The stage, then, has lost a considerable man in Dion Boucicault, whose influence on the younger school of playwrights is shown by the resolution and success with which many of them have for the past fifteen years applied themselves to the production of what was wont to be rather contemptuously described as the "sensational" drama—the play abounding in hairbreadth 'scapes and in picturesque "sets" modelled upon, if not boldly copied from, the celebrated "cave scene" in the *Colleen Bawn*, or the racing tableaux in the *Flying Scud*. Boucicault's Irish heroes were, it is true, all of one pattern, and that not unlike the type found in some of Miss Edgeworth's novels. There was this difference, that it is to be feared that the greater the culprit the more intense was the admiration expressed for his misdeeds. We must not, however, be too hard upon the dead playwright and actor for his venial sins in this direction, but rather regard him as the founder of a school of dramatic literature which has given unfeigned pleasure and amusement to millions—a man who, in a curious fashion, has left an ineffaceable mark on the history of our stage.

A NEW SIX HUNDRED.

[Yesterday afternoon a meeting, which was most disorderly from start to finish, was held in Hyde Park. It was called by handbill, worded as follows:—"To the London Unemployed.—Comrades.—A mass meeting will be held in Hyde Park on Sunday next, September 21. Turn up in your thousands, and assert your right to have either work or bread. . . . To the Unemployed. Don't forget the meeting." About 600 persons gathered round a red flag, which showed the meeting place. Mr. Chapman presided, and was, on mounting a stool, received with loud groaning and booing. . . . The speech was continued amidst uproar, and at its conclusion a man named McGormack said that the last speaker was a fraud, and that the committee that had been formed represented no one but themselves, and was only attempting to make money out of the poor of London. (Applause.) It was a Socialist dodge to create riot and smash

windows. . . The red flag, which was being held by a young man who said that he knew nothing of the meeting, was then seized, torn to pieces, the pole being broken into pieces. . . A man named Markham then mounted the platform, and moved a resolution "protesting against the attempts on the part of Socialist agitators to humbug working-men who may be out of a job." . . . The meeting then dispersed.—*Morning Post.*

AFTER pot, after pipe,
Why not stroll onward?
Sundays are thus enjoyed—
So of the unemployed
Thought some six hundred.
Strolling they came to where
One raised a flag in air,
Spouted with pate all bare,
Loud and at large he swore—
Hearing they wondered.

"Foodless the streets ye tread;
Comrades, by me be led;
Learn the short way to bread,
How shops are plundered."
Perched on a stool he spake;
Somehow it failed to take,
Voiceful with scorn outbreake
All the six hundred.

"You're a mean fraud," they said:
"Some one, when you they made,
Scurvily blundered.
You, shamming Socialist,
Into your greedy fist
Cramming poor fellows' pelf—
Go home and wash yourself!"
Cried the six hundred.

Freely they rushed in there,
All ways the flag they tare,
Smashed up both stool and chair,
Shattered and sundered.
Good for the likes of such!
Then their own say—not much—
Had the six hundred.

Praters to right of them,
Preachers to left of them,
Ranters behind them
Bellowed and thundered:
Out of the jaws of fools,
Mouthing from planks and stools,
Out of the Park again
Strolled the six hundred.

Scarce was it lawful, yet
Scarce doth it move regret;
Windbags their just meed met—
Nobody wondered.
Praise we the row they made;
So perish humbugs' trade—
Worthy six hundred!

REVIEWS.

HOW TO GET INTO A PYRAMID.*

DURING a recent ebullition of destructiveness the so-called authorities of Gizeh, formerly Boolak, have employed irresponsible Arabs to dig down nearly all the remaining pyramids in Egypt. It need hardly be remarked that no antiquities were found, and nobody was any the wiser. The acquisition of knowledge is not greatly facilitated by the methods thus employed, and it would not be easy to find on the face of the earth a man less suited for delicate archeological investigations than the typical Egyptian Arab. Even with Mr. Flinders Petrie to direct his labours, it was not easy to get things done as they should be, and we may rest assured that nothing of the slightest moment will ever result from the works lately going on at Maydoom and other places—works directed, if directed at all, from a distance by officials very nearly, if not quite, as ignorant as the people they employ. Mr. Petrie goes about his business on a different system. The narrative now published of his entrance to the burial-place of Amenemhat III. is of a most thrilling character. He could trust no one but himself to take the final steps, and the result, although in part negative, is highly satisfactory, and adds greatly to our knowledge. Amenemhat III. was, we know, the last but one of the mighty line of Pharaohs we call for convenience sake the Twelfth Dynasty. When the Twelfth Dynasty reigned we cannot tell; we have the succession of the Kings, and even their respective regnal years, but except that it came before the Eighteenth and after the Sixth, we cannot date it. Mr. Petrie says, "The Twelfth Dynasty is fixed by dead reckoning between the Sixth and the Eighteenth." If we

calculate, as we may, from some astronomical items of the reigns of Thothmes III., Rameses II., and Merenptah, we can place the Eighteenth Dynasty, in part at least, at about B.C. 1800. Allowing, then, two centuries to have elapsed since the extinction of the Twelfth Dynasty, we must put the death of Amenemhat III. at or before B.C. 2000. But our only ancient authority, Manetho, would make the Thirteenth Dynasty to have included sixty kings, and to have reigned four hundred and fifty years. There are other complications into which we need not enter here, but if one should date Amenemhat III. at B.C. 2500, it would not be easy to contradict him.

Since, then, the antiquity of any undoubted relics of Amenemhat would be sufficient to stir the heart of an archaeologist, we can understand Mr. Petrie's anxiety when, having discovered the King's name in the neighbourhood, and found other authentic signs that this pyramid was his work, he came face to face with the question of how he was to get into it. It took much hard digging, and still harder calculation and induction, to prove that the entrance was not, as in other pyramids, on the north side, but on the south, and not quite in the middle of that face, but a little to the westward. Equal care and observation were necessary before he could decide that the opening was in the platform or pavement in front of the pyramid, and not in the pyramid itself. The casing stones had all disappeared, and there was nothing to be seen but the huge shapeless heap of enormous black mud bricks, surrounded by the chipped fragments of the white limestone with which it had been covered. Mr. Petrie began by cutting a tunnel into the north side; and this work, though only through mud bricks, took nearly two months. The cutting was by no means so simple a task as it might seem. The sand between the bricks was quite dry and clean, and "ran out interminably in some parts, coming down as in an hour-glass from the joints." Then the bricks themselves were "double the size each way of an English brick," and weighed some fifty pounds. "A single one dropped on a person would have settled his moving powers for some time to come." As the passage deepened great caution was necessary. Mr. Petrie had to re-prop the sides after every fall with his own hands. He says of this part of the work, "the need of listening acutely all the time to detect any sand running down, the prelude to a fall, and retreat in half a second if needs be, made it necessary to work quite alone." He would turn all his workmen out, and go by himself, sometimes at night, so as to avoid interference. It may be objected that he should have timbered the whole passage with thick beams. But to do so would have needed the widening of the tunnel, "and the work would have been risky and very long for one pair of hands, as no Arab would understand it." During these operations Mr. Petrie's practised eye discovered that on the east side of his cutting he had come on some bricks laid in mud mortar. He was by this time in the middle of the pyramid, yet had found no chamber. This course of brick seemed to indicate that a dwarf wall had been built before the Pyramid was raised over the chamber to keep out drifting sand, and turning the direction of his passage through it he was soon rewarded. "By half-past one in a dark night one of the boys of the night gang came running down to the tents and shouting 'The stone is found.'" And so it proved; but now a fresh difficulty occurred. How was an entrance to be effected? The stone-work appeared to be as massive and solid as in other pyramids. As the Arab masons were quite helpless in the face of such a job as cutting through it, and as the season was now far advanced, Mr. Petrie was forced reluctantly to give up the work for the present, and cover up his tunnel.

On his return to Egypt in November he went to work again at Howara. He brought two masons from Cairo to cut through the roof, and when they had refused to make it contract work, and had endeavoured in one or two ways to outwit him, and found their efforts did not answer, they attacked the great stone with a will, and on the twenty-first day "a boy ran down with the welcome news of a hole found." Mr. Petrie had been all morning engaged on another job, that of opening the tomb of Horuta, an undertaking scarcely less difficult, of which full details are given in another part of the volume, and had hurried home for a wash and some breakfast, but he went at once. The next steps must be told in his own words:—

There was a black hole in the floor of the masons' cutting, and they were chipping away the edges scrap by scrap. Soon I managed to squeeze through, and found that I was in a little forced passage cut by ancient treasure-seekers, which led to the super-chamber. Searching around it, I saw the top of the entrance passage on the north side, on a level with the floor I was on. Jumping down, I found the passage was blocked; but there was a hole under the stone I had been standing on. Into this I squeezed, sloping, head downwards, on the mud which partly filled it, and managed to see that there was a chamber beneath with something in it, and a deal of water. Get back I could not, for I was jammed tight at the shoulders: and the masons had to drag me up out of the hole by my legs. Then clearing the mud and earth away, I asked a thin and active lad if he would undertake to go in; and, having sounded the depth of water, and found it not more than chest deep, he slid through feet foremost, with a rope ladder to hold by, and I watched him through the hole, which would not let my shoulders pass.

The boy, of course, carried a light, and Mr. Petrie was able to make out a large sarcophagus in the middle, with another of smaller proportions adjoined at the side. Eventually he not only got in himself, but found the entrance passage, as we have said, on the south side. In this dank cavern he spent three mornings searching the floor under the water. Much trouble was encountered in this work, for "the water was too deep to reach

* *Kahun, Gurob, and Howara.* By W. M. Flinders Petrie. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Ltd. 1890.

anything by the hand and too salt and acrid to put eyes or nose beneath it." A cartouche was at length discovered, proving to be that of Amenemhat III., as was expected, cut on a little fragment of an alabaster vase. A few other relics were brought up, and Mr. Petrie came to the conclusion that the wooden coffins had been burnt, and that they had been inlaid with polished stones.

The question of the meaning of the presence of the second sarcophagus was solved by a block of alabaster in an adjoining chamber, which was carved with a list of the offerings at the tomb of the King's daughter, Ptahneferu. "As the daughter of Amenemhat that we know of," Mr. Petrie justly reasons, "was named Sebek-neferu (the beauties of Sebek), it is just in accordance to find another daughter named—as this princess—Ptahneferu, though hitherto no trace of her had been discovered. She seems to have died young, before her father, and to have been buried side by side with him in his pyramid." The rest of the results of Mr. Petrie's perseverance, the chamber made of a single vast block of stone, weighing over a hundred tons; the great brick arch; the false wells—are they not written in his book, together with accounts of other and almost equally wonderful discoveries in the neighbourhood. It is rather strange to reflect that, while we are suffering the Arabs to destroy what they please and the French to stop the way to useful investigation, Mr. Petrie is forced to carry on his researches at his own expense or at that of a couple of friends, and that what he finds is seized for the Gizeh Museum, where it is deposited without so much as a label by which the visitor can identify it. We have no space for a detailed criticism of Mr. Petrie's new book, but may conclude a brief notice by saying that it is the most interesting, in many respects, of the remarkable series for which scientific Egyptologists are so deeply indebted to this indefatigable explorer.

BOOKS ON SHAKSPEARE AND OTHERS.*

WE noticed some year or two ago Mr. Orger's notes on Shakspeare's Comedies. He has now reprinted them with, or joined to the former print, some more on the Histories and Tragedies. As of the part so of the whole, we may say that Mr. Orger's industry is estimable, but too frequently misplaced. Like all his kind, he has put to himself the question "What else might this conceivably be?" instead of the question "Is not this satisfactory as it is?" He is seldom so bad as when he suggests that Troilus, instead of

Sleep *kill* those pretty eyes,

which is perfect sense, exquisite poetry, and exactly appropriate to the situation (there is a passage in Montaigne which we could quote, but it might shock an English chaplain), said

Sleep *tall* those pretty eyes.

If he did, all we can say is "Well done, Diomed!" and "No wonder, Cressid!" But he is frequently not much better. Did Mr. Orger never see a cat eat a mouse? If he did not, his state, though the less informed, is perhaps the more gracious, for, though curious, the spectacle is not to the better class of minds pleasing. But if he had, he never could have suggested the putid emendation "munching" for "mousing," in *King John* II. i. 354. That Mr. Orger, who used to be within salvation, should have suggested "warned their towns" for "banked" makes us fear greatly that he is now damned, as is the way of commentators. And the further we advance into his book the more do we fear this. He may be right in substituting "death" for "earth"—a very probable printer's error—in the obviously corrupt *Richard II.* IV. i. 52. But it is almost incredible that a careful student and an evident lover of Shakspeare should boggle at

Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, &c.

Is it possible that Mr. Orger is ignorant that the sense, but nevertheless, is as common as blackberries? We do protest that, if anything could make us give up reading Shakspeare, it would be these awful spectacles of what comes of it. However, as we have

done it for some thirty years, it probably will not do us any mortal harm if the gods give us grace to do it for another thirty. But Mr. Orger, we fear, is in the case of Corin. He has endorsed his own conviction by suggesting *Vive le roy*, which gives no sense of any kind, for Villiagio or Villageois in *Henry VI.* I. v. 8. As to Mr. Orger's note on a certain passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, we can only stare and gasp like our ancestor Quintilian. By our own manhood, at whatever age Mr. Orger likes, we could not have conceived any one mistaking the passage. The possibilities of error in *Hamlet* are pretty well exhausted, and we do not observe that Mr. Orger adds notably to them. In *Lear* he does not see that Regan's "square of sense" is "perfection of sense"—a very common meaning—and he does not see that "stelled fires" is "starry." Like everybody else of his kidney, he extends himself on the famous crux of *Othello*, the "green-eyed monster, which doth mock the meat it feeds on." Let us hope that Mr. Orger has never been jealous and will never be. If he is, he will not have much doubt about the authenticity of the text. We end with not the least unhappy of his fancies, "menders" for "members" in *Antony and Cleopatra*. That a man should read *Antony and Cleopatra* and have time to think of emendations! "When," Mr. Orger's reading would run, "old robes are worn out, there's menders to make new!" And when the old robes of Shakspeare are worn out—which, thank God! they are not, nor will be for more centuries than he lets this tedious globe spin on—we will take to the menders who make new. But till then not.

Mr. Ransome opens his volume with, for a Professor at a modern college, a rather spirited diatribe against the way in which Shakspeare is made a terror, and a machine for inculcating philology and odds and ends of all other ologies into helpless youth. But those who minister at the altar must live of the altar; and he has his own little plan, if not for "taking the bloom off William," as a modern critic remarked of a modern poet, at any rate for adapting him to the comprehension of the young. This is to tell the plot of the plays, six of them, at considerable length, and in such a manner as to assist, if possible, the comprehension of the exposition. The thing on its own scheme is not ill done, and we should least of all object to Mr. Ransome that his style is somewhat pedestrian. For we have had only too many would-be equestrian critics of late riding cock-horses of style to every Cross in and out of Banbury in their eagerness to escape this reproach. Our quarrel, if so hostile a word need be used at all, with Mr. Ransome would be different. To minds which are still in a state of immaturity we are afraid that the comment will be at least as difficult and at least as unappetizing as the text. To minds which have reached or are approaching maturity, the effort to find out the original meaning will be infinitely more valuable than any bottled extract of it; while it will be also much more agreeable. Indeed, in some respects, though his personal and individual state is much better than theirs, we should rank Mr. Ransome as a more dangerous person to others than the usual annotator or commentator. For an intelligent reader can never miss the drift of Shakspeare's plays, and an intelligent reader may sometimes plausibly demand to be assisted as to the particular meaning of this or that allusion, that or this phrase. Nor are we quite so sure that a scholar who is good for something necessarily hates the material in which he was schooled. And as for those who are not good for something, it really matters very little what happens to them.

We fear that Mr. Ransome would not have very far to seek to establish some part of his indictment against the not inconsiderable batch of school and other editions which we have before us. Mr. Deighton pursues, as we have often acknowledged, a special purpose, and pursues it fairly. It is not his fault if we make Shakspeare an instrument to teach Baboos English. We perceive nothing in the very ambitiously-named *University Shakspeare* to justify the assumption of the first word of the title; but it is as good a school edition as another, and rather better printed. Only we must point out to Mr. H. A. Evans that "five for one" and "five per cent." are extremely different things. If he will give us five for one, we will give him five per cent. back with all the pleasure in life. To Mr. Dawson we must say, as we have said before, that his attempt to indicate slurs, or often simple tribrachs, by italics shows most vilely in him, considered as a claimant to any ear for verse or sense of literature. Of the plays in the third division, Mr. Beeching's *Coriolanus* is very laborious in annotation and commendably sober in criticism. Mr. Oliver Elton is of a different type. He knows all about it. "Poetic justice is, of course, a pleasant but puerile account of the matter." Shakspeare "did not write" (so he told Mr. Elton on latter Lammas or, by'r lady, as far back as All Fools' Day) for this, that, and the other; he wrote "to ease his mind of the burning poetry," &c. Mr. Innes is between the two in method, but errs far less in the direction of personality and cocksureness than Mr. Elton. As an evidence of reading, the miscellaneousness of these three editors' notes is very commendable; of its having a good effect on the British schoolboy we are less sure.

Mr. Sidney Lee's capital book on Stratford-on-Avon is not new, and only requires a fillip from us in its new setting forth. The present form is comely and handy, the illustrations sufficient and interesting, the learning accurate and well arranged. So let it be blessed.

The little pamphlet in which Mr. Bullen has reprinted facsimilarly a sort of Pantagrueline Prognostication of 1614 by an unknown Cobbe, who was certainly not Frances Power, and who

* *Notes on Shakspeare's Plays.* By J. G. Orger. London: Harrison. 1890.

Short Studies of Shakspeare's Plots. By Cyril Ransome. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

Julius Caesar: The Merchant of Venice. Edited by K. Deighton. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

The University Shakspeare. Edited by H. A. Evans. *Julius Caesar.* Edited by Benjamin Dawson. London: Sutton. 1890.

Coriolanus. Edited by H. C. Beeching. *King John.* Edited by O. Elton. *Henry the Fourth.* Edited by A. P. Innes. London: Longmans & Co. 1890.

Stratford-on-Avon. By Sidney Lee. New edition. London: Seeley. 1890.

Antient Drolleries—Cobbe's Prophecies. Edited by A. H. Bullen. London: privately printed. 1890.

Beginnings of the Heroic Couplet in England. By H. Wood, Ph.D. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Publication Agency. 1890.

Mormail Series—Thomas Middleton. Vol. II. Edited by H. Ellis. London: Vizetelly. 1890.

Daphnis and Chloe. The Elizabethan Version by Angell Day. Edited by Joseph Jacobs. London: Nutt. 1890.

English Miracle Plays. By A. W. Pollard. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1890.

called himself "Richard Rablet," from a sufficiently recognizable original, is a pleasant pastime. It is not a masterpiece; but it is, unless we are singularly deceived, a reminder, pleasant *per se*, and accidentally unpleasant, of the fact that our ancestors were much better fellows than we are:—

When a man is old
[Quoth Richard Rablet, alias Cobbe]
And the weather blowes cold,
Well fare a fire and a furred gowne:
But when he is young
And his blood new sprung,
His sweetheart is wirth halfe the towne!
When a maid is faire
In her smocke and her haire,
Who would not be glad to woo her?

Who, indeed, unless he were a fool? But Cobbe (not Frances Power) can be graver, as in the rather remarkable lines beginning:—

When youth and beauty meet together
There's worke for breath:
But when they both begin to wither
There's worke for death!

Dr. Wood begins his interesting paper on the heroic couplet with a polemic, showing a touch of fierceness, against Mr. Gosse and his *From Shakespeare to Pope*. But, as generally happens with scholars as distinguished from pedants, he forgets this polemic before long and settles down to exposition. No doubt Mr. Gosse insisted rather unguardedly on the originality of Waller, and Dr. Wood has been able not only to counter-insist on Sandys, and indirectly on Earle, but also to make points against Mr. Gosse's remarks on Continental influences. The fact of course is, that any sharp or exclusive theory in points of this sort is likely to go wrong. We think we could with a little trouble point out couplets not only before Waller, but before Sandys or any one commonly cited, which have the couplet ring and stamp. But any contribution to the study of such matters is welcome when it is written scholar-fashion, as this is.

The second volume of Mr. Ellis's Middleton in the Mermaid Series (by the way, we thought the offensive "unexpurgated edition" was to disappear from the title-page of these useful volumes) contains *The Roaring Girl*, *The Witch*, *A Fair Quarrel*, *The Mayor of Queenborough*, and *The Widow*. There is no mistake about any of these in their best parts, and as Middleton has been till Mr. Bullen's edition almost the most inaccessible, and even since it one of the most expensive, of the Elizabethan dramatists, the volume is very welcome.

Mr. Jacobs's edition of Angell Day's version of *Daphnis and Chloe* is so beautiful a book, and *Daphnis and Chloe* itself is so delightful a thing, that we have no lust to say anything but good of it. We confess ourselves that we think nobody ought to read Longus except in Greek or (as a concession) in old French, and that we do not agree with Mr. Jacobs as to Greek romances generally. Their character-drawing may be weak and their plots monotonous; but the language is so absolutely the best language in the world (except English) that we own we love them from Parthenius the sententious even to Manasses the "wise"—and unreadable—and Eustathius, who is so terribly like some of our modern "stylists" that he makes one shudder. However, except Achilles Tatius, and Heliodorus, and perhaps Xenophon, few of them are readable by the general at all, and none even of these can match Longus. Angell Day seems to have simply followed Amyot, and Angell Day is not Shakespeare. But then not many people are.

Mr. Pollard has got together a very good selection of Miracles, Mysteries, Interludes, &c., and has edited them with a scholarly introduction and good notes. The student at least cannot afford to neglect the things that came before the spacious times of great Elizabeth and were schoolmasters to them; and these selections from the York, Chester, Towneley, and Coventry Mysteries, followed by *Every Man*, the Interlude of the Four Elements, specimens of Skelton, Heywood, and Bale, *Thersites*, &c., will do useful work.

We have before us two German contributions to Shakespeare study. *Zur Kritik der Shakspeare-Bacon-Frage*, by Dr. Schipper (Wien: Helser) (but we can assure Dr. Schipper that the only thing criticism has to do with the Shakespeare-Bacon craze is to conspire it), and Dr. Wetz's *Shakspeare vom Standpunkte der vergleichenden Literatur-Geschichte* (Worms: Weiss). Dr. Schipper is perfectly sound; his suggestion that the *Buchholts Family* was probably written by Prince Bismarck is excellent, and we think convincing. Dr. Wetz's much larger work is chiefly open to criticism from the point of view that, though you may with at least possible profit compare Shakespeare's treatment of things with that of others when you are handling these, the reverse process is somewhat endless and unsatisfactory.

ELECTRICITY—MODERN EXPLOSIVES.*

OUT of the large number of works on elementary science written for students in recent years, many seemed to require tutorial instruction as a necessary adjunct. For class

* *Electricity in Modern Life*. By G. W. De Tunzelmann, B.Sc. London: Scott. 1889.

A Handbook of Modern Explosives; being a Practical Treatise, &c. By M. Eisler, Mining Engineer. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son. 1890.

teaching, with a suitable supplement of illustration and commentary, they might serve the turn; but to the solitary student, whose foot had scarcely yet reached the threshold, some must have only rendered the subject repellent. Mr. Tunzelmann's work is not to be classed with those, since in 272 pages he presents a clearly-written and connected sketch of what is known about electricity and magnetism, the more prominent modern applications, and the scientific principles on which they are based. In chapter ii. we note Weber's theory of magnetic induction set forth simply and briefly, with several important facts tending to support it. One of these is the production of sound in a piece of iron when suddenly magnetized or demagnetized—a fact which, as is well known, led to one of the earliest forms of the telephone. There is a good chapter on force and work, followed by others on the sources of electricity, magnetic fields, electrical measurement, electric machines, containing much well-selected matter intelligently and plainly expressed. The starting-point of the electric telegraph is attributed to Stephen Gray's discovery, in 1729, that some bodies are conductors and all others insulators. It should also be noted that a letter in the *Scott's Magazine* (Feb. 17, 1753) gives the first suggestion of an electric telegraph by wires upon insulated supports. What prevented this and succeeding systems from being practicable for long distances was the difficulty of insulation. Ronalds, from 1816 to 1823, perfected a system which was most probably practicable for a good many miles, though the modern electro-magnetic mode must speedily have superseded it, even if he had secured the patronage which he coveted. His prophecies are interesting:—"Why should not our kings hold counsels [*sic*] at Brighton with their Ministers in London? Why should not our Government govern at Portsmouth almost as promptly as in Downing Street? . . . Let us have electrical conversazione offices communicating with each other all over the kingdom if we can."

After two chapters on overland and submarine telegraphs follows a full and appreciative account of the telephone and the recent development of the Exchange system. Mr. Tunzelmann reminds us that private houses in the United States of America extensively use the telephone, so that a lady can send an order to a tradesman without leaving her house, a doctor can instantly fetch a cab from the cabstand; a policeman or fireman may be summoned at any hour for an emergency. The chapters on electric-lighting and on electro-motors and electro-metallurgy are full of valuable technical details; while to some general readers the notes on electricity in warfare and medicine, and those on its miscellaneous applications, may possibly prove the most attractive feature of the book. One remark of the author should be pointed out—namely, that he entirely deprecates the use of electricity for capital punishment—thinking with sufficient reason, as he shows, that such an application would be a "retrograde step" in legislation.

An intelligibly-written account of the manufacture and application of dynamite, gun-cotton, nitro-glycerine, and similar explosive compounds can scarcely fail to command the attention of a large class of readers, scientific or semi-scientific. Such is the work which M. Eisler pretends to have furnished forth. It seems written in a systematic manner, with good knowledge of the literature and data of the subject. Swartz or Schwartz, the famous friar of the school-books, must now give place to some previous Arabian alchemist, whose explosive mixture is on record, with materials and proportions almost identical with the present formula of English gunpowder. "High Explosive" only date from 1832, and the first important result of experiments with them was the gun-cotton of Schönbein, in 1845, the French name of which—*pyroxyle*—has furnished a generic term. Nitro-glycerine was discovered in a Parisian laboratory soon after, but it was not till 1860 that Nobel, a Swedish engineer, showed how to manufacture it on a large scale, and how to explode it with certainty under confinement. He named it "Nobel's Oil," and, after discovering how to absorb the oil, he furnished the civilized world with the famous dynamite, or "giant powder." The latest-named invention has been considered most valuable in mining operations; and, if applied in artillery to fire charges, would probably prove a terrible assailant to the strongest of existing ships. Many of the chapters in this handbook are full of interest not only to specialists but to general readers. Some leading topics are:—Preparation and properties of nitro-glycerine, varieties of dynamite, applications and manufacture of gun-cotton, collodion-cotton, and other explosives; application of electricity in firing mines; use of explosives in submarine engineering, and for military purposes.

NOVELS.*

MISS SMITH has written another novel with a love-lorn Cabinet Minister in it. Her last politician, if we recollect

* *The Riddle of Lawrence Haviland*. A Novel. By Constance Smith. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.

A Matter of Millions. By Anna Katharine Green. London: George Routledge & Sons, Limited. 1890.

Two English Girls. By Mabel Hart. London: Hurst & Blackett, Limited. 1890.

As the Tide Turns. By Mary E. Hullab. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

Heart Wins; and other Stories. By Mrs. Alexander, and various Authors. London: Trischler & Co. 1890.

rightly, fell in love once too often. The affections of the Right Honourable Stephen Eliot, an important personage in *The Riddle of Lawrence Haviland*, are not so transient. He adores pretty Kathleen Haviland all through the story, though she calls him a walking compendium of statistics in the first volume, and runs away with somebody else in the second. In politics Mr. Eliot is a living embodiment of the proposition that philosophers do not make good statesmen. Student and enthusiast, his transcendental schemes for the social regeneration of England are described as impossible dreams. We are not told precisely what they are, however, except that they include an Eight Hours' Bill, and what is vaguely called a vindication of the rights of labour. His love affair is a minor episode in the story, and we need only mention that the fair Kathleen, who is young enough to be his daughter, very nearly commits unconscious bigamy for his benefit. The real hero is his private secretary, Lawrence Haviland, a gentleman who in feature bears a strong resemblance to Giotto's head of the young Dante. His chief characteristic is a rigid and importunate conscience. This is what impels him to quarrel with a rich uncle and forbids him to think of marriage when he meets his fate in the person of Miss Treherne. Then when his first scruples are removed by an unexpected legacy, and he is engaged to her, his conscience attacks him in another place. Unjustly accused of complicity in a dynamite plot, he again decides that marriage is out of the question; though Miss Treherne, a loyal, impulsive, and in every way desirable young woman, is quite ready to take him with all his faults. His innocence is established, and they are married safely; but the over-sensitive conscience soon proves as troublesome as ever. Mrs. Haviland confesses that with the best of motives she had wilfully allowed him to labour under a delusion in regard to certain circumstances which, strictly speaking, she had no right to conceal. Highly incensed at this suppression of the truth, he declares that henceforth there can be no more love between them. They must drift apart. Hilda, who is a very patient Grizel in her devotion, meekly acquiesces, and it requires two terrible shocks to bring Lawrence Haviland to his bearings. After discovering that he himself is quite capable of homicide, and having been half-killed by an evicted tenant in Ireland, he comes to the conclusion that his standard of right and wrong needs readjustment. He is reconciled to his wife, and everything ends happily, though one is inclined to suspect that he would never quite leave off giving himself the airs of a superior person. Of course he is anything but an amiable type; but the story is cleverly written and shows clear evidence of a refined and intelligent observation. The chief defect is a certain crudeness of invention. The development of Lawrence Haviland's character would have been more natural and quite as interesting in less sensational circumstances. In the boating accident, or rather the narrow escape from an accident, on Lake Maggiore, the proposal on a railway platform when the lovers are nearly cut to pieces by an express train, the dynamite conspiracy, the scene on the cliff, and in Alexis Ladoga's return to life, Miss Smith trespasses on the domain of writers who may do this kind of thing better, but are yet a long way inferior to her in the delineation of character.

Miss Virginia Rogers, the beautiful heroine of *A Matter of Millions*, is an exquisite creature, but is given to screaming. On one occasion a wild scream goes up from her lips, and the next moment she lies senseless and inert on the floor. At another time she buries her face in the chair-cushions, and utters a long, low cry the language of which it would have been difficult to understand. She has been trained for the operatic stage; but on her first appearance in public such a terror seizes her that she wants to shriek instead of singing. Sometimes she only draws up her exquisite form and pants. Her lover bears "the rather unusual and striking name of Hamilton Degraw." He is an artist; strong, winsome, and enthusiastic. He is also what the music-hall advertisements style a talented contortionist. "I cannot leave you," he remarks to Miss Rogers, "without one proof of my devotion"; and then, flinging himself at her feet, he clasps her knees and kisses with heartfelt fervour her tiny slipper. This is a trick, we should say, that must require a good deal of practice. Flinging oneself at a lady's feet is not so easy as it sounds; but to clasp her knees while you kiss her slippers, and to do it, moreover, fervently, argues a rare suppleness of limb. So utterly overcome and astounded is Miss Rogers at this signal proof of Mr. Degraw's devotion that she quite forgets to scream, and only sinks half-fainting into a chair. Some of the other characters in the story are remarkable for their powers of polite conversation:—

"Do you observe the couple over there?" one of Miss Aspinwall's lovers whispered in her ear. "Boy Cupid has been busy with one or both of their hearts since we saw them last. I think I can discover the tip of his wings fluttering in and about between them now. What do you think?"

Miss Aspinwall did not shrink from uttering a smiling response. "I have not much acquaintance with the plumage the blind god sports; but, if the happiness which I see there is from him, I can only say that he chooses a noble couple to bestow it upon."

We despair of giving any lucid notion of the plot. It is a very tragedy of errors. There are two gentlemen, utter strangers to each other, who both bear the unusual and striking name of Hamilton Degraw, while no less than seven "various young girls" answer to "the simple cognomen of Jennie Rogers." It is the author who says there are only seven of them; by our reckoning, there must be a few more. First, there is the screamer.

Then comes what is called a fashionable belle, who, for some unexplained reason, veils her wickedness behind a show of luxury. The next is a factory-girl who is both virtuous and industrious. A well-known adventuress makes four, and Miss Jennie Rogers of Detroit makes five. The sixth is a lame schoolmistress; and in addition to these there is a Miss Jennie Rogers of Thirty-fifth Street, New York; another of Fifty-sixth Street, and yet another of Thirty-sixth Street. Between them all we get as mixed as Wordsworth's simple child was when asked to enumerate her brothers and sisters.

The fair sophisters who have so anxiously discussed the delicate question, "Should women woo?" doubtless intended to settle the point by their own unaided efforts; but it may not be impertinent to hazard the observation that in novels, at any rate, women do a great deal in the way of spontaneous wooing. A conspicuous example of this may be seen in *Two English Girls*. Beatrice Hamlyn finds it necessary to meet a young Florentine painter, Signor Ugo Vivaldi, more than half-way. "Do you not understand," she asks him, in soft studied tones, "are you, indeed, so stupid? I must speak more plainly, then. Do you understand this, Signor Vivaldi? I love you." Which is carrying the war into the enemy's country with a vengeance. The manoeuvre is executed, however, gracefully and with success; nor is there any reason to suppose that Beatrice ever repented of her temerity. At the same time, though her example may be safely imitated in like circumstances, it is only right to mention that she might have avoided any embarrassment it caused her at the moment by behaving a little more sensibly on a former occasion. This was when the Signor Vivaldi first let her know, in a hopeless kind of way, that she was very dear to him. Something in the situation struck her as ludicrous, and she must needs laugh, which naturally put the other player off his stroke for several chapters. But, in spite of her inopportune sense of humour, Beatrice Hamlyn is an emancipated young woman of the most pleasing type, and her friend Evelyn is hardly less amiable. It must have been a very different style of girl, or woman, Landor was thinking of when he made somebody say that "in Florence you see Englishwomen arrogant, presumptuous, suspicious, credulous, and speaking one of another more maliciously than untruly." But the cleverness of Miss Hart's story lies in the simple, yet effective, portrayal of the Italian character. The elder Vivaldi—both are painters—is presented to us in a way that shows both knowledge and sympathy. His pride as an artist, his fatherly affection for Ugo, his kindly attentions to the two English girls who are his pupils, and his fierce outbreak of almost hysterical passion when he discovers that Guido Guidotti has stolen Ugo's idea for the prize picture of Liberty, could only have been drawn from life. There are pleasing touches of humour, too, in the minor personages. The frantic efforts made by Blanche Grierson, a gushing little simpleton, to keep pace with the affected aesthete who seeks to improve her mind by a course of didactic flirtation are highly diverting. He dilates, as his betters have done before him, on the pathos and melancholy that cling about an old tree. "There is," he tells her, "a mournfulness and horror about it; but there is likewise a strange peace and calm." "I do so love horror and calm," Blanche exclaims enthusiastically.

A pretty actress who plays leading parts in burlesque extravaganzas at "The Hogarth" falls frankly in love with a chorus gentleman at the same theatre on twenty-five shillings a week. Mr. Rawdon, otherwise Paul Ogburn, a young man of good family and no expectations, has gone on the stage in the hope of becoming a great actor. He finds no difficulty in responding to Miss Lily Dubury's affection, and in due course they are married. A week after the wedding Paul inherits an unexpected fortune; and the fair Lily, the pride of "The Hogarth," has to leave her modest home in Camberwell for her husband's "place in Hampshire," where she soon finds herself very much out of her element. There is no harm in *As the Tide Turns*. "The Dubury," if not a consummate artist, is a pattern of good behaviour, both before and after her marriage, and deserves a better fate than a somewhat priggish husband.

There is, at any rate, no want of variety in the yellow-backed volume that contains not only Mrs. Alexander's story *Heart-Wins*, but nine or ten other novelettes as well. Tales of true long-parted lovers, romances of the police-court, and what the newspapers call strange occurrences of every kind, are mixed up in a way that defies analysis. It will be a capital exercise on a railway journey to find out which of the stories the picture on the cover is intended to illustrate. Possibly the man in a dress coat who is gazing sentimentally at the young lady in red is Mrs. Alexander's hero; for we notice that Jim Pennell "through his unconventional seeming looked a gentleman." Or he may be the Colonel Ericson of another story, who is said to be very handsome and fashionably attired.

AN INTERNATIONAL IDIOM.*

WHAT the Germans call the *Mischgesprachen*, "mixed tongues" or jargons, are beginning to awaken much interest among philologists. For they throw light on the pos-

* *An International Idiom: a Manual of the Oregon Trade Language or Chinook Jargon.* By Horatio Hale, M.A., F.R.S.C., Member of the American Philosophical Society, of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain, &c. London: Whittaker & Co. 1890.

sible origin of language, and illustrate forcibly the fact that, not only can ideas be freely transmitted without a trace of grammar in its true sense, but that single words, with a little ingenuity, may be made to do the work for which we employ whole groups or families. That the learned are beginning to look kindly on these camp-followers of the grand army of philology is shown by the fact that when, at the Oriental Congress held in Stockholm in 1889, a member apologized for reading a paper on so humble a subject as Pidgin-English, he was interrupted by applause and assurances that it was by no means misplaced. Among these jargons—the principal of which are Chinese and Yokohama "Pidgin"; Sandal-wood English, spoken in the Pacific Islands; West India Creole French, which has been well set forth by Hugo Schuchhardt of Grätz; Negro Dutch of South America, Pennsylvania German, and English Gipsy, the most interesting and perfect of its kind is the Chinook or Oregon Trade-language, which forms the means of communication between foreigners and the natives on the whole North-West coast of America and far into the interior, as well as among the natives themselves. How much it was needed by the latter appears from the fact that in a limited area there is a surprising number of distinct languages, "twelve of them differing as much as Hebrew differs from English," all of them being incredibly difficult, and the leading twelve being again split up into dialects which are themselves distinct languages, and mostly unintelligible to those who do not speak them. "To work one's way through this maze of idioms, many of them exceedingly harsh and obscure in pronunciation and intricate in construction," was, indeed, no easy matter for Professor Hale when he was commissioned by the Government of the United States to study and report on the languages of these tribes.

But when the tale of bricks is doubled Moses comes; and so when white men began to visit Oregon, and the Red Indians flocked together to meet them, there grew very suddenly into existence the Trade Language, or Chinook jargon, "which has now become an important international speech, widely diffused among the fifty tribes of Oregon, British Columbia, and Alaska, and of inestimable service, not only to commerce, but to science, to missionary efforts, and to the convenience of travellers." Yet far greater benefits sprang from it. Owing chiefly to their inability to converse together, the different tribes were mutually isolated, and ever at war. "This root of infinite mischief," says Mr. James Deans, in a recent article on British Columbia, "has been extirpated by the trade language, or jargon, which stimulated friendly intercourse." In the beginning of this century the white traders had begun to use a few—or not more than fifty—words taken from the true Chinook language, or parent stock. To these the Canadian voyageurs added a number of French nouns; and, "characteristically enough, the verbs to run, to sing, and to dance." Of 250 words, 18 were of Nootka origin; 41 English, 34 French, 111 Chinook; ten formed by onomatopoeia (as *tik-tik*, a watch), and some 38 of doubtful native origin. In 1863 George Gibbs prepared chiefly from the collection of Professor Hale a Chinook vocabulary, which was published by the Smithsonian Institution—namely, by the Government of the United States—to facilitate intercourse with the natives. Even now there are only 500 words in the jargon, although it possesses a limited literature of songs, stories, and sermons, and hundreds of Indian children speak no other tongue, so very rapid has been its progress.

In investigating this very curious and interesting language, we are reminded of a passage in the *Yokohama Pidgin Grammar*, by Hoffman Atkinson, in which the author remarks that "these are about all the pronouns there are, and the student need not bother himself with the verbs." There is very little occasion in Chinook to bother one's self with anything beyond learning the vocabulary. Well may Professor Hale remark that the grammatical rules are very simple, for there are no inflections or conjugations. The language has no article. The plural is, in general, not distinguished in speaking. Comparison is expressed by a very simple periphrasis—i.e. "I am stronger than thou" would be *wake mika skookum kahkwa nika*, literally "thou not strong as I." The superlative is formed by adding *hyas*, great or very, as *hyas oleman*, very old. In general the tense of the verb is left to be inferred from the context. As in Chinese Pidgin, and, indeed, as in much of the English of uneducated people in England, a single word expresses all the persons of all the tenses. As what we wish or desire is always something to come, Chinook ingeniously sets forth the future by *tikeh*, which means to wish—e.g. *nika papa tikeh mimaloose*, "my father want die," i.e. "he is about to die." There is but one true preposition, *kopa*, "to, for, at, in, among, about, towards, &c.," "but even this may be generally omitted," and two conjunctions, *pe*, from the French *puis*, and *sopo* (the English *suppose*), employed in the sense of "if," and to indicate the subjunctive or conditional mood.

The reader who has drawn from these extracts the great moral of the American Atkinson, that we need not bother ourselves about verbs, will be even more strongly inclined to think that it is useless to vex our souls with some thousands of words when as many dozens will answer every purpose for most ordinary conversation. This, it is true, is as marked in English Gipsy, in which sometimes as many as ten or twelve words which had in Hindi or Hindustani strayed from one root, are led back to it again, or Pidgin English, in which "pidgin," or business, means almost every transaction of which man is capable. Thus, in Chinook, *mahkook* is to sell or buy, trade or barter, and, as a noun, a

dealing of any kind, bargain or exchange. *Mitlite* is to sit, reside, remain, stop, stay, and may also express to have and to be, in all of which it corresponds fairly to the English Gipsy *hatch*. Almost every verb and adjective may receive a new signification by prefixing *mamook*, to make or cause. Thus *mamook chaco*, "to make come," is to bring; *mamook kloshe*, make good, represents to repair, put in order, beautify, cure, or improve, or render attractive in any way. *Hyn house*—i.e. "many houses"—is a town; *tum-wata*, lit. "noise-water," a cataract.

In addition to his account of the origin of the language and exposition of its grammar, Professor Hale gives us what is, thus far, the most complete vocabulary of Chinook which has ever been published. We can only regret that he has not in it illustrated the separate words by quotations or examples, as was done in the Smithsonian collection by George Gibbs, and which is a great aid to the student. We trust that this will be found in a future edition. The jargon is, however, far more copiously represented in the body of the work than it has ever been before, by a number of songs, which are not without real merit, and indeed seem to be truly musical or pleasant-sounding, owing to the prevalence of liquids and vowels in the language, e.g.:—

Klonas | kahta | nika | tum-tum
Hayaleha, | hayaleha.

I know not how my heart feels;
Ah me! ah me! ah me!

There are also hymns, a sermon, and a dialogue in Chinook. In preceding works Mr. Gibbs, the Rev. Mr. Eells, and the compilers of two vocabularies which have had an extensive circulation, all unfortunately attempted to adapt their spelling to English orthography, as did Mr. Rauch in his Pennsylvania Dutch Dictionary, with the natural result that nobody, or at least no stranger, could by any effort pronounce the words correctly. Professor Hale, a true philologist, has taken great care to correct this, by indicating the true pronunciation in brackets, and by employing the vowels with their Italian or German sounds. He also indicated the various spellings and pronunciations of words.

There is no student of philology or linguistics to whom this neatly-gotten little volume of 62 pages will not be very interesting reading; and even the most general reader or writer cannot fail to find "food for thought" in examining a language which can be actually learned, even by a child or a savage, in one month, and which abounds in valuable suggestions of the art of condensing conversation.

SOME ART BOOKS.*

MR. HAYNES-WILLIAMS has never done more justice to his talents than in depicting the beauties of Fontainebleau. Whatever may be his limits as a painter of romantic figures and sentimental incident (and he has established a reputation more than respectable for this class of subject), there can be no doubt about his merits as a painter of interiors and textures; and perhaps his greatest success as an artist was the exhibition last year of the series of pictures some of which have now been reproduced in this handsome volume. The subject was such an inviting one, from both the historical and artistic sides, that it is somewhat surprising that no one had essayed it before. The Forest, with its grand vistas and picturesque combinations of boulder and pine, has been fully utilized by artists, French and English. The bordering village of Barbizon, consecrated by the memories of Théodore Rousseau and Diaz and J. F. Millet, has been the nursery of modern French landscape and pastoral painting, and is now little less than a shrine for the devout admirers of the school to which it has given its name; but the Palace of Fontainebleau has been comparatively neglected. Landscape is, no doubt, more popular than architecture, the haunt of the living peasant more interesting to the painter than the deserted chambers of king and courtier, and the Hobbemas and Ruysdaels will always have more followers than the Steinwycks and the Van Deelens; but yet, after all such allowances are made, the fact that Mr. Haynes-Williams is the first artist who has set himself seriously to depict the beauties of the stately and finely decorated chambers of Fontainebleau is a matter for some wonder. The fidelity and harmony of the colour which gave the chief charm to the pictures is, of course, absent from these photogravures; but it says much for the "tonality" of the artist's work and the perfection of the process by which it has been reproduced, that their black and white semblances retain so much of the charm of the originals. The finest of all the pictures—"Galerie François I."—has lost perhaps most because it had most to lose, and had to be most reduced, but its "translation" is still one of the most successful. Marie Antoinette's bedroom, with its satin brocade and golden carvings, is perhaps the most palpable triumph, and the "Salon des Tapisseries" is perhaps the nearest approach to a failure; but failure absolute there is none either in the plates or the neat notes of Mr. Frederick Wedmore, which certainly do not err on the side of prolixity.

* Fontainebleau. Fifteen Photogravures after the Pictures by J. Haynes-Williams. With an Introduction by Frederick Wedmore. London: Bousso, Valadon, & Co. New York: Scribner & Welford.

Classical Picture Gallery. January 1890. London: Grevel & Co. Artistic Japan. November and December 1889. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Jozeff Israels, *l'homme et l'artiste*. Amsterdam: J. M. Schalekamp.

Indeed, we fancy that many of those who turn over the pictures in the book may wish to know more than Mr. Wedmore has chosen to tell them of the associations which crowd these historic chambers.

It would be unreasonable to expect that the illustrations in the *Classical Picture Gallery*, an English version of a German serial, should equal in technical merit the photogravures of Messrs. Roussod & Valadon. Even in these days of cheap reproductive processes, twelve first-class prints on quarto paper cannot be produced for the sum of one shilling. Judged by the side of good engravings or good photographs, these plates are poor things; judged by their price they are little short of wonderful. For truth and delicacy of tone one must go elsewhere; but for general design and expression they are well enough. The success of some is considerable, especially the laughing and drinking heads by Franz Hals, from the Scherwin Gallery; while others, like Dürer's "Job," from Frankfurt, and "The Saints," by Grünewald, from Colmar, preserve little but a general impression of style. The real justification for a serial of this character is, however, just this general impression of style. A collection of even imperfect resemblances of characteristic pictures, culled from all quarters of the Continent, has a distinct value in familiarizing those unable to travel with the salient features of different schools of art, provided that the outlines of the composition are faithfully preserved; and this merit must at least be allowed to the prints under notice, which range from Carpaccio to Rubens, and from Ottaviano Nelli to Paul Potter. If the serial lasts, as we hope it may, for a good many years, it will be of no little value even to the serious student of art, who will be able by its means to compare types and expressions, and refresh his memory in various ways. At all events, the material is sufficient for a long career, and this can scarcely be said of the pleasant serial called *Artistic Japan*. For, after all, the art of the flowery land is not inexhaustible, and its mine has been somewhat unmercifully worked of late years. Signs of failure in the vein are visible enough in the numbers under notice, despite the attractive device of a new coloured wrapper for each month, and the well-written letterpress by M. Brinckmann and the late Philippe Burty. Not that these parts contain nothing that is new, for the influence of Japanese poetry upon Japanese design is a theme upon which much yet remains to be said, and what M. Brinckmann says about it is agreeable to read. Yet we fear that those who take delight in such subjects are not very numerous, and the illustrations (upon which the popularity of such a magazine must mainly depend) show a lamentable falling off. We fear that this deterioration, if allowed to continue, will prove fatal to *Artistic Japan*, for its promoters cannot reckon upon those historic ties which make even inferior reproductions of European "old masters" of some value in our eyes.

It is seldom that an artist who breaks away from old traditions lives to see his art so thoroughly recognized as Jozef Israels. He is not only the founder of a new school in his native country, but counts his followers by the score in England and France. Born at a time when art in Europe was at its lowest ebb, and spending the first years of his artistic life in vain attempts to secure distinction by painting history, like De la Roche, and religious sentiment, like Ary Scheffer, he, in this and other respects resembling J. F. Millet, found in the realities of humble life a poetry and a beauty which vitalized his energy and gave a true inspiration to his work. Not in the fields of Barbizon, but on the sand dunes of Zaanndvort, did his revelation come to him; and it was the life of the fisherman, and not that of the peasant, which impressed him with its elemental pathos; but otherwise the two men have so much in common that Israels may be said to be the Dutch Millet. Both are leaders in that path of poetic realism which is the most notable and distinct of the many tracks of the art of the nineteenth century. Like all great artists, Israels is not only of his time, but of his country; for, though he is a Jew, as his biographers do not fail to point out, he is a Jew of Groningen and Amsterdam and the Hague, and is a Dutchman born and bred. Nothing can, indeed, be further from the sentiment of the Dutch school of the seventeenth century than that of Israels. The beer and skittles of the boor and the Rheinwein and oysters of the burgher which invigorated the art of Jan Steen and his fellows yield no inspiration to their modern followers, and the carefully enamelled canvases of Gerhard Dow and Mieris show a very different ideal of execution to those of Mesdag and Maris; but yet the subtleties of light and shade scarcely less engage the attention and call forth the skill of the modern Dutch artist; his subjects, if not the same, are still racy of the soil; his interest in humble life, if not more active, is deeper than ever. There is also one artist at least of the old Dutch school to whom Israels may claim some remote kinship in feeling and manner also. It is of Rembrandt, rather than any other "old master," that we are most frequently reminded by the works of Israels. Without attempting to measure the one against the other, it may be safely said that they are both poets of humanity and leaders amongst their contemporaries.

As to what posterity may have to say about the work of this true artist it would be rash to prophesy; but there can be no doubt that he has well earned the honour of this handsome record of his achievement. We wish it had been possible to present it in a handier form, for it needs a strong back to read the letterpress without a raised desk, and a strong neck to bear the twisting necessary to look at M. Steelink's etchings; but the type is large and the etchings are excellent, so that everything

possible has been done to mitigate the misery of an "édition de luxe." Perhaps the most easily enjoyable of the contents are the facsimiles of the artist's studies printed in the text, which retain almost unimpaired the living spirit of the originals. They would be enough to prove what a masterly draughtsman he is and how swift to seize the essential lines of his subject; but, for his power in composition, his fine sense of chiaroscuro, and his poetical feeling, we must turn to his finished pictures as interpreted by M. Steelink—there we shall find such masterpieces as the "Naufrage," the "Berceau," "Le long du Cimetière," and "La veille de la séparation," which have long attained a European reputation.

PRINTING.*

THE science or art of printing has kept pace well with other institutions of the kind. The rapidity with which correctly printed work can be turned out, like the rapidity with which a telegram can be transmitted, or a steamer can cross the ocean, or a train can get from London to Land's End, is being constantly augmented; and some of the greatest inventions of the greatest inventors have been utilized in order that we may have our newspaper every morning on our breakfast-table and that popular books may be disseminated as fast as they are wanted. It would be impossible to give an intelligible account of how these wonders are wrought without the cuts and diagrams which illustrate both the books before us. But some of the facts they reveal are worth noting. Much as we are dependent on the printing-press in our daily life, few of us understand its mechanism or method of operation. Every one of us, similarly, carries a watch in his pocket, but how few of us could give an intelligible account of how it is made to keep time, and still less could put it together, even if we had all the wheels and springs ready to our hand. With the printing-press, as it is now worked by steam, we are all deeply concerned; yet we have, for the most part, but a vague acquaintance with the complicated arrangement of independent inventions which have been united to bring it to its present effective condition. Just now printers are greatly exercised by the recent progress of type-setting by machinery. Let us inquire for an instant what that means. Could it be brought to the perfection anticipated for it, the author's manuscript would before long be a thing of the past. A practised type-writer will easily acquire the art of setting permanent type. Instead of "copy" sent to the printers, there will be "formes," and proof-correcting will be done at home. The revolution will be immense and far-reaching in its effects. Mr. Southward, the chief author of one of the volumes before us, in a recent lecture at Birmingham, reported in the *Paper and Printing Trades Journal*, described six machines already more or less in use, and one of these, the Thorne, is at present in working order in the printing office of a provincial paper, the *Manchester Guardian*, where Mr. Southward lately saw 10,000 "ens" an hour turned out. An "en" answers nearly to a letter. Moreover, as is well known, the great difficulty with all composing machines is the subsequent "distribution" of the type. By "distribution" printers mean the return of the type to its place in the "case." In the *Times* office, where speed is of the first importance, the type is set up, a cast is taken of it, and the type is then melted and made into fresh type as required; so that the question of distribution does not arise. But the distributor is a necessity in most machines, and, at the same time, as Mr. Southward confesses, is the weak part of all. In the Thorne machine, however, the distribution is effected as easily and as rapidly as the setting. We are not surprised to learn either that this wonder-working contrivance is of American origin, or that it cannot be produced with sufficient rapidity to meet the demand.

In his book Mr. Southward does not deal at all with the Thorne; but he gives us a very interesting summary of the many processes by which automatic machine-printing was attempted before it came to its present perfection. The first presses of this kind were used, not for the dissemination of knowledge, but of clothing. The need of cheap and sure means for turning out printed calico in large quantities first led ingenious men to invent the machines which are now used for newspapers. The various steps which led to these results are carefully detailed by Mr. Southward. It was as far back as 1750 that the first cylinder was made for cotton; and about a century ago Nicholson took out a patent for a machine applicable to the printing press. No such machine, however, seems ever to have been made in England, for Nicholson's financial position—he died in gaol for debt—rendered further progress impossible. It was reserved for Frederick Koenig, a Thuringian, born in 1774, to make the first practical machine, a feat he accomplished in England after many vicissitudes, in 1810, in which year the *Annual Register* was printed at his press. Mr. Southward traces the further progress of the whole invention in a series of very interesting chapters, fully illustrated, and he accounts clearly for the fact that the lamented Mr. Blades and other authorities have placed Koenig on a pedestal of fame beside Caxton, who brought printing to England. His machine was of inestimable importance—first, because "it at once enabled 1,000 copies to be

* *Printing Machines and Machine Printing.* By J. Southward and J. F. Wilson. London: Menken.

Printing. By C. T. Jacobl. London: Bell. 1890.

printed in one hour, whereas all existing apparatus could only produce a fourth of that number," and, secondly, because "its principle was capable of almost unlimited development, and has been developed, until we have at the present day machines that print 2,000 copies perfect per hour." Curved stereotype plates were made by Cowper in 1816. Inking by rollers had already been invented, and in 1827, a further modification and improvement by Applegath was applied to printing the *Times*. From that time progress has been very rapid, and every year brings us some new machine to save time and trouble, and to increase speed of production.

Mr. Jacobi, who writes on practical printing, summarizes the present results of the improvements mentioned above. The working of the new machines is automatic, but for the care of one experienced artisan. From the feeding, on through the stages of damping, printing, and cutting, to the folding and "wrapping," all are done by one of these marvellous engines. The one point at which progress halts a little is that to which we have already adverted, the type-setting. If Mr. Southward's anticipations are correct, even this question is in process of solution. Mr. Jacobi mentions the linotype as "nearest to perfection," and as "a marvel of ingenuity, casting its own type, and justifying as it goes along." "Justification," Mr. Jacobi defines as "the even and equal spacing of words and lines to a given measure." The machine that can do all this may well have caused something like a panic in that part of the trade which would have been affected by it. So far, however, it has not answered to the expectations formed by its introducers.

Mr. Jacobi's book is of a very different character from that of Mr. Southward. It is strictly technical, and, though there is a glossary appended, the explanations given of technical terms often require some preliminary knowledge on the part of the reader. Thus, we are told that an "em rule" is a rule "cast on an em of any particular body," and that a first proof is "the first pull of a forme after composing, which is read the first time by the copy." Many of us who are sufficiently well acquainted with first proofs would define them somewhat differently. But what is a horse? A horse is "an inclined stage set on the bank to hold the heap which has to be printed." And what is a sheepsfoot? "An iron hammer with a claw at the foot." A tommy is "an iron implement for tightening up screws." It is endowed with "a hole through the head instead of a slot." Mr. Jacobi goes into the minutest particulars, and, beginning with specimens of many different kinds of type, he goes on to explain all about "Composition and Distribution" in a series of thirteen thoroughly illustrated chapters. He next deals with "Reading," and shows us the meaning of all the marks used in correcting the press. This chapter is as useful to the writer as to the printer. Many a bill for corrections is doubled by authors' ignorance of these marks. It is proverbial among writers for the periodical press that "a printer can read anything," but both time and trouble would be saved if authors knew more of the printers' signs. After chapters on "Press Work" and "Motive Power," Mr. Jacobi goes on to "Machine Printing," and describes all the latest improvements in this department. The last chapters of a very complete volume are taken up with "Warehouse Work," and tell us about paper and its measurement, hot rolling and cold rolling, cutting, folding, stitching, stabbing—defined as a "reprehensible method of fastening leaves together"—and numbering, with many other things of the kind too numerous for mention here. The most interesting of these chapters, to the outsider, will probably be one on printing woodcuts. The workman employed should, in Mr. Jacobi's opinion, "possess some artistic qualification to appreciate and to give effect to the artist's design." Would that this could be made a rule of universal application! "To print a block correctly, the system of overlaying must be adopted," says Mr. Jacobi, and gives two impressions of the same cut, one printed without and the other with overlay. The difference is great. The two impressions prove the truth of the author's remark that "a competent person who has an appreciation of pictorial effects can get much better results out of a woodcut or process block than one who is not gifted with some amount of taste," a very breathless sentence, but one which conveys a rather melancholy truth.

On the whole, these are two volumes which can scarcely be expected to reach the general reader; yet they contain a large amount of information which will prove interesting to any one who has ever had occasion to look into a printed book or newspaper, that is to say, everybody, and especially necessary to the more limited class who produce the manuscript which is to be set up by the compositor, until such time at least when a Thorne or a Linotype shall have been invented to make every writer his own printer.

TWO MILITARY BOOKS.*

IN these days of examinations even the non-commissioned officers of the army, it seems, are not to escape. Whether a system which must necessarily entail a considerable amount of poring over text-books and manuals is calculated to ensure a

supply of ready and active assistants in the field is a question on which we hold a strong opinion, but which it is unnecessary to enlarge on here. Every one, however, will admit that the less a soldier has to be worried with "the bookish theoretic" the better, and all will welcome any attempt to ease his burdens with the examiner. In these two handbooks by Mr. Gordon we find a practical man, who has himself experienced the difficulties of a non-commissioned officer's position, coming to the aid of his comrades in a thoroughly practical and efficient way. A corporal who does his duty in looking after his subordinates, who gives his whole attention to his responsibilities, and who at the same time takes part in and enjoys games and exercises, as we hope he does, has but small opportunity to plod through text-books. Moreover, in the rather alarming syllabus which was issued, together with the new regulations, last May, so many different works are referred to that no small tax on the purse of the soldier, who wishes to provide himself with all of them, is involved. It would also be extremely troublesome for him to have to hunt through the various sources of information for the particular sections which affect himself. In *The Guide to Promotion* he will find all he can possibly need to know collected together in a form suited to his pocket in every sense of the word; and many a smart lad may by studying these pages succeed in a task which, however desirable a sergeant he would make, he might otherwise find extremely difficult. The book, in fact, belongs to the "cramming" class. Since, however, it is only by "cramming" that superior wisdom has decided that soldiers are to become sergeants, it is as well to have the cramming as speedily and efficiently performed as possible, and a compendium supplied which will not only be useful for a special purpose, but will form a handy work of reference for future needs. What we have before us perfectly fulfils those conditions, and contains so much information which is of everyday application, and yet is not always readily found, that it will be valuable to many besides those for whose particular benefit it has been compiled.

The subjects are taken seriatim as they appear in the official syllabus, and are dealt with in separate sections. Subject A includes discipline, duties in barracks, knowledge of regimental standing orders, and duties in confining offenders. The extracts are chiefly from the Queen's Regulations, and the section is concluded with a series of questions and answers on the preceding pages. Subject B comes next, which embraces all the young non-commissioned officer is expected to know as regards guard and picket duties, and is similarly concluded by a series of questions and answers; which, we may add, are to be found at the end of each of the heads into which the course is divided. It is in the next subject, which deals with duties in camp and on the march, that the value of the compendium is specially shown. The field here is wide and varied, and demands a knowledge of many heterogeneous details, which have to be collected from very various sources. The method of pitching and striking tents, drainage, ventilation, duties on escort duty by land and sea, the loading and packing of baggage on mules and other pack animals, only form a portion of the matters that are touched upon. *Regulations for Encampments, the Manual of Field Exercise, and Regimental Transport* have all been searched, in addition to the Queen's Regulations, to supply the required information, and the instructions are supplemented by diagrams where necessary. Far the largest subject is the one which follows, D. It commences with the instruction of the recruit in drill and physical training, and excellent plates here again illustrate and amplify the text. This elementary portion is followed by "Company Drill," which of course is chiefly extracted from the official *Infantry Drill* and the *Manual Exercise*. What is particularly interesting, however, are the pages devoted to "Physical Drill with Arms" and the "Bayonet Exercise," both of which portions of the subject are well illustrated by excellent plates. The section devoted to an account of the magazine rifle and the manual exercise will also perhaps tempt some to glance through it who have not the object of promotion immediately in sight.

In the succeeding portion of the book we seem to enter the higher region of tactics, and questions are handled that it might be supposed would be reserved for the consideration of officers only. The paragraphs on advanced and rear guards would appear rather adapted to the capabilities of a student at the staff college than to a corporal of the rank and file. A young man aspiring to become a sergeant must surely have need to learn something more likely to be of everyday use to him than how to handle an advanced guard consisting of a whole battalion, or even more, in the various different situations in which it may be placed, and will be better occupied in making himself acquainted with the characters of the men in his company than in studying what he is to do when he finds himself in command of it.

The syllabus, and not Mr. Gordon, however, is to be blamed if the scope of the book here seems too ambitious, and, while cadets and subalterns are busied in perfecting themselves in the command of divisions and army corps, we presume it will be considered reasonable that the rank and file should be occupied with the duties of captains and field-officers. The last subject, F, is musketry; and here we find ourselves back again in the non-commissioned officer's proper sphere, and occupied with details concerning the recruit's course, marking in the butts, keeping target-practice registers, care of arms, and general duties on the range. A number of really useful hints

* *The Non-commissioned Officer's Guide to Promotion, including Questions and Answers thereon—Corporal to Sergeant.* By William Gordon, and Batt. Gordon Highlanders.

Brigade Drill made Easy in accordance with the New "Infantry Drill." Sixth edition. By the same Author. Chatham: Gale & Polden.

have been collected together in this portion, and the young non-commissioned officer will find all he requires to know conveniently to hand and in a small compass. Here, Tommy Atkins will be relieved to notice, the course ends, and a text-book closes which he cannot fail at first to regard as formidable. We do not, we admit, like these handbooks, which seem to grow up like mushrooms round our army of to-day. Yet they are but the outcome of the system of education in force, and are inevitable while it exists. The necessity for them is their justification, and they supply a legitimate demand which is generally and widely felt. If a man is to do his duty by the men, and still learn much dry knowledge by rote in place of picking it up by practice and experience, he will find a book such as the one before us of much value and assistance, if not almost indispensable, and his officers will probably encourage him to make use of a means which will help him on his way to promotion and leave him time to attend to his everyday responsibilities. Mr. Gordon has risen from the ranks himself, and quite appreciates and sympathizes with the difficulties young aspirants therefrom have to contend with. He has set himself to work in a businesslike manner, and has produced his information in the most concise and direct form possible, while the questions and answers will perhaps serve better than anything else to fix the matter in the student's mind. We sympathize also with the examinee, and congratulate him that he has such a friend as our author at his elbow.

In *Brigade Drill made Easy* Mr. Gordon, whose industry seems to be quite indefatigable (he is the author of something like a dozen handbooks already), has turned his attention from the men to the officers, and has sought to simplify the study of "Infantry Drill" for them. We should have imagined that the intelligence of our highly educated officers might have successfully grappled, "unaided and alone," even with the intricacies of an official manual. The fact that Mr. Gordon's little book has attained a sixth edition seems, however, to argue otherwise, and goes a long way to prove that the need for his assistance has been widely felt. No doubt our latest manual of infantry drill is irritating and perplexing, because of the ever-recurring references made to preceding sections and paragraphs during the explanation of any movement, and Mr. Gordon has recognized and remedied this defect by treating each part of the subject independently, and without allusion to more elementary portions. "The student is enabled to perceive at a glance the detail assigned to each individual connected with the brigade, thereby accomplishing the object of rendering each movement intelligible in itself." Otherwise, this little handbook is nothing more than a reprint of one portion of the War Office manual, with some few explanations and amplifications. These will often, no doubt, be of service when the official text-book presupposes knowledge and experience which does not always exist, and the convenience of its form has probably a good deal to do with its apparent popularity. A stupid misprint in the preface speaks of "the revolution under notice."

AKBAR.*

THAT the series edited by Sir William Hunter should not be published in due chronological order, though perplexing, was perhaps inevitable. We have had Dalhousie before Clive, Hastings, and their successors. And we now have the greatest of the Mogul emperors before we have heard anything of the greatest of ancient Hindu kings. Colonel Malleon, within the brief space allotted to him and apparently to other writers of this series, has discharged his task with more than his usual ability. We should have liked other particulars of the private life of one of the very few Oriental potentates in whom there is little to censure and nothing to conceal. But, for a due comprehension of the magnitude of the task accomplished by Akbar, it seems to have occurred to the author to sketch the career of his father and his grandfather. The result is that out of two hundred pages more than sixty are taken up with Baber and Humayun. The first solid Mohammedan Empire in India dates from about the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The celebrated invasions of Mahmud of Ghazni were in reality little more than raids and forays. About the middle of the fourteenth century Mohammed Tughlak had managed to establish something like a consolidated empire in Upper, Western, and Central India. But it rapidly fell to pieces under his weak or incompetent successors. It was reserved for Jellalluddin Akbar, whose reign nearly coincides with that of our own Elizabeth, to establish the second Mogul Empire and to secure for it a duration of a century and a half. When Humayun died and was buried in the splendid mausoleum in which, three hundred years afterwards, the rebel princes were captured by Hodson, Akbar was only fourteen years of age. An *éméute* in the city, an intrigue in the palace, the conspiracy of a discarded favourite or a vindictive relative, might have materially influenced the course of Indian history. Fortunately the youthful sovereign could rely on some skilful soldiers to conquer his enemies and some wise councillors to set his realm in order. Colonel Malleon succinctly and accu-

ately describes the military events which characterized the first twenty years of the reign. There were Rajputs to be overcome or conciliated. Mohammedan Viceroy had made themselves independent, coining money and refusing tribute in Khandesh, Guzerat, and Bengal. Akbar, with a celerity which was marvellous in those days and which would have not discredited Wellesley or Lake, appeared before one rebellious subject after another when the inhabitants of each distant province thought he was quietly resting at Agra or Delhi. On one occasion, on an elephant, he crosses a river in the height of the rainy season, with only a hundred of his bodyguard, surprises Usbek rebels at their feast, and puts them to flight. On another he sends a musket-ball through the head of a Rajput chief who was repairing the breach of his own fort by torchlight. He despatches a Hindu general to reconquer Bahar and Bengal. He himself leads an army to the siege of Ahmednagar, held by Chand Bibi or Chand Sultana, the heroine of one of the lively tales of Meadows Taylor. With a partial check or two, by the year 1580 he had really subjugated all India with the exception of the Southern Provinces, and was in a position to devise internal reforms, to study the character of his Hindu subjects, and to impress them as much by equitable measures calculated to ensure their loyal submission as by the pomp and splendour of his Court and camp and the general magnificence of his life. Colonel Malleon dwells strongly—perhaps too strongly—on the determination of Akbar to weld together distant provinces and unite discordant creeds into one consistent whole. But that Akbar introduced some order and method into a large empire, that he was actuated by pure and lofty motives, that he turned to excellent account the capacities of Hindu noblemen as financiers and administrators, and that he was almost the first to see that no progress can be made in India until you have grappled with and defined rights and interests in the soil, is beyond question. Shir Shah, the Afghan intruder, whose Revenue Settlement is somewhat summarily disposed of by Colonel Malleon, had shown Akbar how to set to work; and in Raja Todar Mull the Emperor found an administrator—in reality the predecessor of that long line of experienced Englishmen who began the study of Revenue and Rent under Cornwallis, and developed into Settlement officers under Bird, Thomason, and Lawrence. Probably from his limited space Colonel Malleon could not enlarge on this head as much as was desirable. He tells us correctly enough that Akbar classified the different kinds of soils, fixed the proportion of the produce which the cultivator had to pay and commuted it to cash, introduced an improved measuring-rod, and constructed storehouses, with the object of supplying the Ryots with seed, distributing corn to the poor, and providing against famines. The *Ayin-i-Akbari* give us detailed and valuable information on these points. The revenue officers were directed to ascertain the capacities of the soil from the returns of a series of years, to distinguish between one soil that bore crops every year, a second and third that were left fallow every third or fourth year, or for a shorter time, and a poorer sort which our officers would now set down, in revenue phraseology, as *Banjar* or waste. The best land even in the best years was never to pay more than one-third of the produce. We think that Colonel Malleon is right in concluding that the Settlement was made in a sort of way with the individual Ryot or the village community. But there is every reason to think that in several provinces the existence and claims of great Talukdars must have been recognized, and on them the Mogul emperors who succeeded Akbar depended for the realization of the public dues. What Todar Mull did for the cultivating classes was obviously to fix some standard of payment in kind or cash, and to give permanence to village Accountants and other functionaries, such as the *Patwari* and the *Kamungo*, who survive to this day. That a despot who had gained his position by fighting for twenty years, and marching east, west, and north at all seasons, should condescend to the requirements of some millions of cultivators, check oppression, and define responsibilities, was a rare and a notable advance in Oriental statecraft. The kingdom was divided into *Subahs* or provinces, and the *Subahs* into *Sircars* or divisions of Revenue, and for the further relief of his Hindu subjects Akbar abolished the hateful *jazia* or capitation-tax. He anticipated our own Chancellors of the Exchequer by sweeping away a host of petty and annoying taxes imposed on divers articles of convenience or luxury—oil, salt, sugar, copper utensils, linen and woollen cloths, fuel, grass, and perfumes. In a country where numerous shrines and temples and sacred springs, hot and cold, invite crowds of pilgrims, a tax on pilgrimage might appear both politic and profitable. Akbar discontinued it, in spite of the protestations of some of his councillors, who were of opinion that the infidel dogs could easily pay it. In those of his own creed he discouraged excessive indulgence in prayers and fasts. He prohibited circumcision before the age of twelve. He discouraged the slaughter of cattle in deference to Hindu prejudice, and he caused some consternation in his Mussulman subjects by allowing low castes to pasture hogs and eat swine's flesh. He even went so far as to threaten the devout Mussulman with the loss of his beard. In dealing with the rite of Sati he very nearly anticipated Bentinck. To forbid it, backed by the approval of some twenty centuries, would for him have been a very strong measure. Akbar contented himself with directing his local officials to prevent the widow from burning with her husband's corpse if she showed the least unwillingness to mount the pile.

* *Rulers of India*. Edited by Sir William Wilson Hunter, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., M.A. [Oxford], LL.D. Cambridge. *Akbar*. By Colonel G. B. Malleon, C.S.I. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1890.

About police and judicial tribunals there is less information. In large towns there was, of course, the Kotwal, who regulated the weights and measures of the bazar, drove away idle Faquirs, reserved certain ferries and bathing-places for the exclusive use of the female sex, and apprehended criminals. Depositions were then taken before the Kazi, and there was a superior officer called the Mir Adal or Lord of Justice, who heard the case, determined the sentence, and carried it out. At Agra, where the Emperor sat every Thursday in open Durbar, it was, in theory at least, possible for the humblest suitor to obtain a hearing and redress. In the interior of the provinces it is not unfair to assume that Oriental wealth and power enjoyed their usual privileges. The Emperor, like most monarchs who have exercised a marked influence over the masses, lived very much before the world. Abul Fazl takes a pride in the enumeration of the two hundred elephants that were regularly paraded every Saturday, of six royal stables in each of which forty first-class Arab horses were kept for the Emperor, of a vast drove of the same animals of the second and third class, estimated at 12,000 by the historian Ferishta, of 900 hunting leopards termed *yiz* (or panthers) by the Court Chronicler and *chitas* by the modern sportsman, and of 101 selected deer, always ready to fight in the public games by which the King sought to bring together the different classes of his subjects. Akbar, considering his want of arms of precision, was a capital sportsman. On his celebrated horse Koh-parah, or Fragment of a Mountain, he had run down the panther; and, gun in hand, he calmly awaited the charge of a wild elephant. He gave to his favourite fowling-piece the epithet of *durust-andaz*, or one that hits the mark, and with this weapon and others he was credited with the death of twenty thousand head of game. Akbar is described by his son Jehangir and by a Roman Catholic priest as tall in stature, with a clear complexion, eyebrows that met each other, piercing eyes, and a broad chest. He shares with the hero of the Ramayana and with Rob Roy the peculiar distinction of long arms that reached down to his knees. Scott tells us that the Highland chieftain was able, without stooping, to garter his hose below his knee. In fact, take Akbar as a man and as a sovereign he was exactly fitted to dazzle Asiatics by splendour of rule and by his magnanimity and justice. Nor was this love of display unaccompanied by regard for literature. Abul Fazl and Faizi were brothers who would have adorned any court or palace in the world. Badauni, who was very bigoted and deplored what seemed to him Akbar's laxity of creed, was another ornament of the time, and traditions are still current in Upper India about Akbar's discussions with learned Pundits and Moulavis, his fondness for playing at chess at Fatehpur Sikri, where he had human beings for pieces, his love of music, the simplicity of his own diet, and the wealth and glory of his court.

Colonel Malleon very properly devotes a few pages to Akbar's religious views. He was repelled by the narrowness of the orthodox Mussulman, and he despised the sectarian jealousy of rival doctors. He seems to have thought that there must be some good element in all religions. He was not highly indignant when Abul Fazl tried to show that the Prophet Mohammed himself was only an Arab possessed of singular eloquence, and that the chapters of the Koran were little better than fabrications. This ecclesiastical laxity must have irritated the Faithful; but open war was avoided by the expedient of assigning to the Emperor the rank of Mijtahid or high authority in religious matters. This title in Persia, says Professor Palmer, is still bestowed on the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries. The toleration shown by Akbar to men of other religions may account for the higher estimation in which his great grandson Aurangzib is still held by orthodox Mussulmans in India. They look on Shah Jahan's reign as that in which the empire reached its highest prosperity. But Aurangzib the Namazi, or one who was always at his prayers, is to them the greatest of emperors, though he shut up his father in prison and quietly got rid of his rivals and brothers. On the architectural monuments of Akbar's time it is not necessary to expatiate. The Fort of Agra, the Pearl Mosque, the ruins of Fatehpur Sikri, and the Emperor's tomb at Secundra, are known to more tourists of our time than the Pyramids were to their grandfathers. Akbar had many wives, of whom only eight were "authoritatively mentioned" or recognized. One was a celebrated Rajputni. Colonel Malleon apparently does not condescend to notice Miriam Begum, the Portuguese Christian married to the Emperor. Her tomb at Secundra was for a long time used as the office of the *Secundra Press*, and was, if we remember aright, much damaged by the mutineers in 1857.

Not to any radical faults of design and construction is due the want of permanence in Akbar's reforms. Bernier, who travelled over many Indian provinces only sixty years after Akbar's death, saw very few traces of an enlightened administrative policy. Neglected fields, increase of jungle, unsafe highways, oppression in town and country, and the concealment of whatever substance a Ryot or artisan could scrape together, are the staple of his reflections. And he even goes so far as to think that the fine army which had descended to Shah Jahan from his grandfather, with all its artillery, its cavalry, and its commanders of five thousand and ten thousand, would be no match for some twenty-five thousand Frenchmen commanded by Condé or Turenne. But Akbar is not to blame because he could not alter the whole framework of Oriental society and leave to it a long line of successors like himself. He stands out in Indian history better known than the

Asoka of monuments or the Vikramaditya of tradition, more humane than the Persian Shah Abbas, far-sighted, beneficent, just and tolerant, a successful captain, a ruler of great capacity, an original thinker, and a generous friend.

A FEMININE NIMROD.*

THE lady who details her very remarkable sporting adventures under the *nom de guerre* of "Diane Chasseresse," winds up with the declaration that as regards her book, "There is not one word in it that is not true." That settles the matter. But there are many words in the book that are very wonderful. We have known ladies who fished, and who even tried their hands at a little shooting, though some do not consider firearms suitable playthings for women; but so keen and determined a pursuer of fur, feather, and scale as Diane Chasseresse we have never met with before in life or literature. Many of the exploits here recorded are amazing, the more so because she admittedly laboured under grave disadvantages. Thus she says, "I have never been able to cure myself of a habit of shutting my eyes tight and flinching, even when firing off a small rifle, but it does not make as much difference in the result as might be supposed." Truly we should have supposed it would have made a considerable difference, the flinching even more than the obscurity; but as a specimen of the lady's "form" we have an extract from her game-book, which states that (always using a rifle: her experience with a shot-gun was very small, though on her first attempt she killed three ducks with half a charge of shot), "In one day I shot one roe, one partridge, one rabbit, five blackcock, and two greyhens, in eleven shots—all, of course, with the same sized bullet." We do not quite understand the point of the "of course" here, nor are we told whether the partridge was flying or the rabbit running; but it appears as if this modern Diana had the fortune usually to meet birds and beasts of rather eccentric habits while on her sporting expeditions. She came across partridges which waited to be shot with a politeness seldom found in these birds, or perhaps they did not think a lady with a rifle was likely to be deadly. Once, driving home after fishing (her first trout she caught in a tin pan half the length of the fish itself), she came across a covey of five partridges in the middle of the road:—

We pulled up at once, and I loaded and fired; they made not a sign. I aimed at the next bird and fired again; still they did not move. Again I fired, picking out another bird, yet they did not move. We began to think there was something uncanny about them, so I got down and walked up to them, when, to my utter astonishment, two birds flew away and three were lying dead where they had been shot.

After this it is a little unkind of her to say, as she goes on to do, "Partridges are the most unsatisfactory birds for rifle-shooting." So, indeed, we should have supposed, for from the context we see that the lady shot them flying, her complaint being based on the circumstance that "they squat down into the furrows, and you can almost tread on them before they will spring up simultaneously and fly away." To shoot flying partridges with a bullet is, in any case, an extraordinary achievement; but for a lady to do so when she always shuts her eyes and flinches is very much more extraordinary still.

This mortal goddess's deer seem to have been even more affable than her partridges. The least thing alarms a deer, whose eyes, ears, and nostrils are ever on the alert for danger; and, when once alarmed, there is no saying to within some miles where he will stop. That is the ordinary deer, not the Diane Chasseresse variety, which latter consents to be just a little frightened, and to move with a considerate regard for the stalker's convenience. "One day, when I was out stalking," she writes, "I saw a good-sized stag surrounded by others, so that it was not easy to get within shot." Sometimes it is that way. "We kept moving them onwards without actually showing ourselves or frightening them much." That is the clever part of it—to avoid frightening them "much." It is not every one who can frighten a stag just a little so that he will move along slowly till he presents an easy shot. One can drive a cow in a paddock in this fashion, especially if it is not a lively cow, but deer in their forests have different habits. What makes the episode in question still stranger—if possible—is that these deer were all the time being chased by a pug whose mistress was a little way behind calling it lustily with threatening and endearing phrases. "It was impossible not to help laughing," Diane writes, which leaves us in a little doubt as to how the incident really struck her and what she actually did; but apparently the stalker was amused, for she adds that "it was so ridiculous to see the fat thing chasing the deer and to hear all the coaxing epithets that were being applied to the little beast." We are not told whether the pug killed the deer, whether his mistress slew it with her parasol, or how the stalk ended. On the next page we find our huntress shooting a flying pheasant, and soon afterwards we come to the three ducks and the half-charge of shot. "The shot," it is admitted, "must have spread in some extraordinary way, and, instead of glancing off the duck's thick feathers, as is usual, must have penetrated to some vital part." It must; to some vital part of each of the three, for she bagged the lot. It might have been supposed that she would have taken to a shot-gun after this, but

* *Sporting Sketches*. By Diane Chasseresse. With Illustrations. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

who did not, though she remarks that with a rifle ducks require very careful shooting, as if they happen to be swimming when shot at there is such a small portion of their backs above water. We are sorry not to have space for a description of "a macintosh cloak with buttons, a velvet collar, and no sleeves," which Diane Chasseresse used as a boat. "If the water was more than two or three inches deep, and I put my foot into the boat, the whole thing collapsed and filled. . . . If I tried to sit up and raise my head, there was a corresponding depression in the middle of the boat, which seemed as if it was going to double up and fill." In this frail craft, with two dogs sitting on her, she was accustomed to voyage. "The greyhens and rabbits looked much astonished as I floated silently past them, and never attempted to make off. I used to take my rifle"—we should have supposed it would have got a little wet, as she used to go into rapids for the pleasure of being whirled about, and must surely have shipped water—"but could not possibly raise myself to shoot. It made one feel as if it were Sunday when all the birds and beasts look at one with such impudence and contempt." We cannot imagine any bird or beast thus regarding Diane Chasseresse. If there be any means of intercommunication among these creatures, they can never have looked without terror on a lady who could shoot them with her eyes shut.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. EDOUARD DELPIT'S *Yvonne* (1) is of the kind of book which is sure to appeal to a certain number of readers, if only because it begins with the expectation of a tragedy à la Peter Grimes, and ends with the "justification" (in the old Scotch sense) of a wicked person on a rock in the middle of the sea, after his or her (for we shall not tell tales) ill-gotten gains have been slowly thrown into the waves before the possessor's eyes. This, by the way, is a form of punishment usitate of French novelists, and much facilitated by the Continental fancy for "shares to bearer." In England the criminal would afterward apply to the directors and get fresh scrip. The mistaken attribution of maternity on which the book turns is rather skillfully managed.

Count Wodzinski's *Caritas* (2) is one of those well-intentioned and not ill-written novels which make the mistake of relying too exclusively upon pathos. The woes of Caritas and the mother of Caritas, the latter of whom is neglected by her husband for a heartless cousin of his, and the former, besides a somewhat similar fate (for her father marries the siren), swindled of her fortune, her happiness, and, in fact, of her life, are pathetic enough. But pathos will not do by itself.

M. Paul Labarrière's (3) book opens well enough with a capital sketch of a provincial interior, where the somewhat *borné* and undignified integrity of the father, a president who will not pay court to the powers that be, the shrewishness of the mother, and the ferocious determination of the daughter to get married and emancipated at any price, are rather cleverly touched in. The continuation and conclusion interest us less, and the actual catastrophe makes the mistake of, so to speak, happening out of the story.

M. Yves de Noly's *Raison d'état* (4) is an account of the ways and proceedings of a German Court. We do not know whether it is one of the somewhat numerous "indiscretions" of the kind. Whether it is or not, we have not, we confess, found it amusing, or even readable.

We can pass a less harsh judgment on *La clef d'argent* (5), though its theme is rather fit for a short story than for a whole book, and though the tale, occasionally told with vividness and humour, at other times drags a little. It is the history of a confirmed *guignon*, of bad luck at play, which is not accompanied or redeemed by any of the good luck at other things which is sometimes supposed to mitigate it. The hero, Raoul de Martens, has his eye put out at St. Cyr in a duel, for which he is not in the least to blame, and so has the career of a soldier closed to him. His uncle dies and leaves him a strictly tied up annuity of two hundred a year; his aunt constitutes him her residuary legatee, and disposes in special bequests of everything valuable that she has. He enlists with the Carlists, and is nearly assassinated by an amiable superior officer. At last, after roasting with equal boldness and ingenuity a "silver key" which his beloved has lost, and the recovery of which is the price of her hand, the play-demon tempts him to stake this. He loses it, and though by playing on day and night, like the Young Duke, but with better fortune, he recovers it, the excitement brings on aneurism, and he dies.

Daniel Servan (6) is an odd book in more ways than one. M. Chaperon has already shown that he can write, and it is well written, but it can scarcely be said to have a very lively interest. "One of its peculiarities, though it is very far from prudish, is that the hero plays the part of Joseph for the first time, we should think, on the French novel stage for many a long day. In

other ways it is out of the common without being exactly good, but it is something to be out of the common.

Les Noellet (7) is a close and good study of the life of modern farmer folk in La Vendée; but we have seen better work by Claude Vignon than *Soldat*! (8)

Of three reading books before us, Mr. Harold Perry's (9) is the most ambitious in plan as well as the most dignified in subject. Perhaps Mr. Perry has expended rather unnecessary trouble in exploring and explaining the historical, or, rather, unhistorical, foundations of the play. History had such a singular faculty of transmogrifying itself as it passed through Hugo's mind that it really matters very little what it was when it entered that stately pleasure dome. It is true that a combined *Historia Victoriana* would not be unamusing to compile; but to reverse the process and survey Hugo according to history cannot lead to much good. Mr. Perry's note on the Alexandrine metre is perhaps rather meagre and rather contentious. To mention nothing else, Hugo and every other true Romantic would have utterly denied that their alteration of the Racinian cadence was intended "to give emphasis to a word at the expense of rhythm and harmony." On the contrary, they would have maintained that they gave emphasis to the word for the express purpose of refreshing, heightening, and varying the harmony and the rhythm. But the main body of notes is careful and good. The eternal *Stonemason of Saint-Point* has, we suppose, got to be re-edited from time to time. M. Barlet's (10) notes, though he has given a vocabulary, are almost entirely translation, sometimes unnecessary and often loose. If a pupil so young as to need a vocabulary is told to translate "quand un vent vient de courir dessus" "when a breath of wind happens to ruffle its glassy surface," he will as sure as fate believe for the rest of his life that "vent" means "breath," "courir" "ruffle," and "dessus" "glass." M. Belfond's (11) selections from Lamartine, Dumas, Balzac (down to M. Feuilleux and even—*proh pudor!*—M. Ohnet) are free from the abominable vocabulary and entertaining enough.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects, vol. xxxi. (Sotheman), cannot be described as very entertaining reading, even to the naval architects concerned. Mr. White contributes some notes on the Naval manoeuvres, Captain Penrose Fitzgerald writes on stopping leaks, Mr. Read on variations of stress, and Mr. Howden on screws. These are among the more interesting chapters; but there are others on spontaneous ignition of coal cargoes, on life-boat models, on anti-corrosive paints, and on the Washington Maritime Conference. At the end are some very meagre obituary notices. Surely something worth reading might have been told us about the lamented Mr. Thomas Gray, the "poet Gray," as sailors used to call him, whose rhyming rules of the road at sea have proved such an incalculable blessing to humanity.

The *Handbook of Jamaica* (Stanford) is edited by Mr. A. C. Sinclair and Mr. S. P. Musson, and contains much useful information about a place of which the people of this generation know and care wonderfully little. When we think how prominent Jamaica was in the days of our grandfathers, it is curious to observe how completely it has dropped out of sight. Can the abolition of slavery be credited or discredited with all the misfortunes that have befallen what used to be one of the most prosperous regions of the English dominion? If so, we have such a warning against listening to faddists, sad they never so charmingly, as is afforded by the history of no other nation. The worst of it is that the negroes are none the better for our Quixotic action on their behalf. Under a system of moderate restraint they might have kept Jamaica in the state in which it was called the Garden of the West. As it is, there are no more degraded beings—except, perhaps, in San Domingo—than the average free men and women of colour in Jamaica. Nevertheless, there seems, in spite of a sad list of lands going out of cultivation, an improvement in coffee and in what are called by Messrs. Sinclair and Musson "ground provisions." Sugar, tobacco, and some other items show a decrease in the last ten years; and it cannot be denied that in most respects the state of Jamaica is one of steady decline, although the population shows a small increase. There is a curious misprint, by the way, under this head on p. 470. We read: "The population of Jamaica, according to the census of 1881, was 580,804, or 74,650 in excess of the population of 1871, and 139,540 in excess of the population of 1871." Probably "1861" is intended.

The new volume of *The Fauna of British India* (Taylor & Francis) is by Mr. George A. Boulenger, and deals with "Reptilia and Batrachia." No fewer than 536 crocodiles, lizards, and snakes are described, and 130 frogs. There are three species of crocodiles in India, one of which, it seems, freely enters the sea. It has sometimes been objected that the name of the salt lake in Egypt, on which Ismailia stands, "Crocodile," in Arabic "Timsah,"

(1) *Yvonne*. Par Edouard Delpit. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Caritas*. Par le Comte Wodzinski. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Rivalet*. Par Paul Labarrière. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Raison d'état*. Par Yves de Noly. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *La clef d'argent*. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Daniel Servan*. Par Philippe Chaperon. Paris: Lemerre.

(7) *Les Noellet*. Par René Bazin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(8) *Soldat*! Par Claude Vignon. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(9) *Ruy Blas*. Edited by Harold Perry. London: Longmans.

(10) *Le tailleur de pierres de Saint-Point*. Edited by S. Barlet. London: Hachette.

(11) *Histoires choisies*. Edited by J. Belfond. London: Hachette.

cannot be appropriate, as the Egyptian crocodile is a fresh-water animal; but it, like its Indian congener, may have been inclined to enter salt-water as well. It would not be very easy now to ascertain the truth. Mr. Boulenger naturally devotes the greater part of his book to serpents, and though "the primary division of Ophidians into poisonous and non-poisonous must be regarded as unscientific," he takes full care to distinguish them, remarking acutely that a number of forms usually ranked as harmless are really poisonous, and paralyse their prey; and that probably all snakes with grooved fangs are more or less of the same character. The book, however, is only a scientific catalogue of the drier kind—a wonderful example of how to make a most interesting subject as dull as possible. The index is excellent.

The seventh volume of *Blackie's Modern Cyclopædia* (Blackie & Son) contains a great number of valuable articles, extending from "Potamogeton" to "Skating," that on Rome covering some fourteen pages, and that on Scotland twelve. The illustrations and maps are excellent.

Geology, by Charles Bird (Longmans), is a small but admirable treatise, the outcome of lessons given by the Headmaster of the Rochester Mathematical School. We are not surprised to learn that a class of thirty-two boys all passed the South Kensington elementary examination after such clear, forcible, and interesting teaching. Another school-book of great excellence is *Elementary Art Teaching*, by Edward Taylor (Chapman & Hall), which is thus described on the title-page:—"An educational and technical guide for teachers and learners, including infant-school work, the work of the Standards; freehand, geometry, model drawing; nature drawing; colour; light and shade; modelling and design." Every child should be taught a certain amount of drawing, for if he can form an A and an O he understands the meaning of lines. Mr. Taylor has no opinion of payment by results, which he considers expensive, hurtful, and inefficient. Neither does he believe in colour-blindness, which he thinks is chiefly, or solely, due to ignorance. His chapter on colour, by the way, should have more in it about harmony, a subject sadly neglected in all our schools. The illustrations are numerous and useful.

Freshwater Aquaria is by the Rev. Gregory Bateman (Gill), and tells all about their construction, arrangement, and management. It is the result of personal experience and ultimate success. The illustrations are numerous.

The Age of Chivalry, by Philip H. Johnstone (Marcus Ward), ought to supply a want. Many a boy asks in vain "What is chivalry?" Mr. Johnstone describes the life and character of the Chevalier Bayard and of Sir Philip Sidney. The book is interesting in spite of the interminable length of Mr. Johnstone's sentences, some of which run to 160 and even 170 words.

Seeing that there are supposed to be about six hundred million sheep in the world, bearing on their backs three hundred million pounds' worth of wool, and that in the United Kingdom alone there are thirty million, Mr. Steel's account of the *Diseases* prevalent among them (Longmans) must be accounted an important work, if it is at all worthy of its subject. Mr. Steel is editor of the *Quarterly Journal* of veterinary science in India, and has collected and digested an immense amount of information. Judged by its clearness and completeness, the book ought to be of immense service to the sheep-farmer, especially in Australia, where veterinary surgeons are not always at hand. The illustrations are excellent, and add much to the value of the book.

The Education Brief on behalf of voluntary schools, by Mr. Moore (Church Extension Association), turns, of course, on the religious question involved; but, quite independently of this point, Mr. Moore's work will be found a compact compendium of facts and statistics, intelligibly arranged and useful for reference.

Two volumes on *Military Training*, by Major Hutchinson (Chatham: Gale & Polden), are published respectively in English and Nagri and in English and Urdu. The Nagri looks very well, but the Arabic character of the Urdu is too small. The work is specially intended for the use of British and native officers in India, and is strictly in accordance with the new system of infantry drill. It is dedicated by permission to General Roberts, which in itself is a strong recommendation.

We have received *French Dialogues* on the "method Gaspey-Otto-Sauer" (Heidelberg: Groos), and *Spanish Dialogues* in a similar volume. Also *Felicitas*, by Felix Dahn (Longmans), edited, with English notes, by the Rev. G. A. Bienemann; *Young England's Nursery Tales* (Warne) contains Cinderella, Puss-in-Boots, Tom Thumb, and other old stories, rather gaudily illustrated by Miss Constance Haslewood. Mr. Chandler, the author of *A Bush Idyll*, which we noticed with praise some time ago, has issued a new volume of verse, *Songs of the Sunland* (Adelaide: Wigg & Son). Local names in Australia do not lend themselves readily to the poet, and we cannot but smile at

For now they take their merry jaunts
On Lofly's hills of summer ease;

but Mr. Chandler has a certain gift, and his verses are smooth and melodious. Another volume of poetry is *Chambers Twain*, by Ernest Radford (Elkin Mathews), a prettily got-up book. Many of the verses would go well to music. The second part consists of some translations from Heine.

Among reprints we welcome a neat volume of Lord Houghton's *Keats* (Bell), small, handy, and complete; also Southey's *Life of Nelson* (Macmillan), with notes by Michael Macmillan.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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